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Lamm to the Slaughter?

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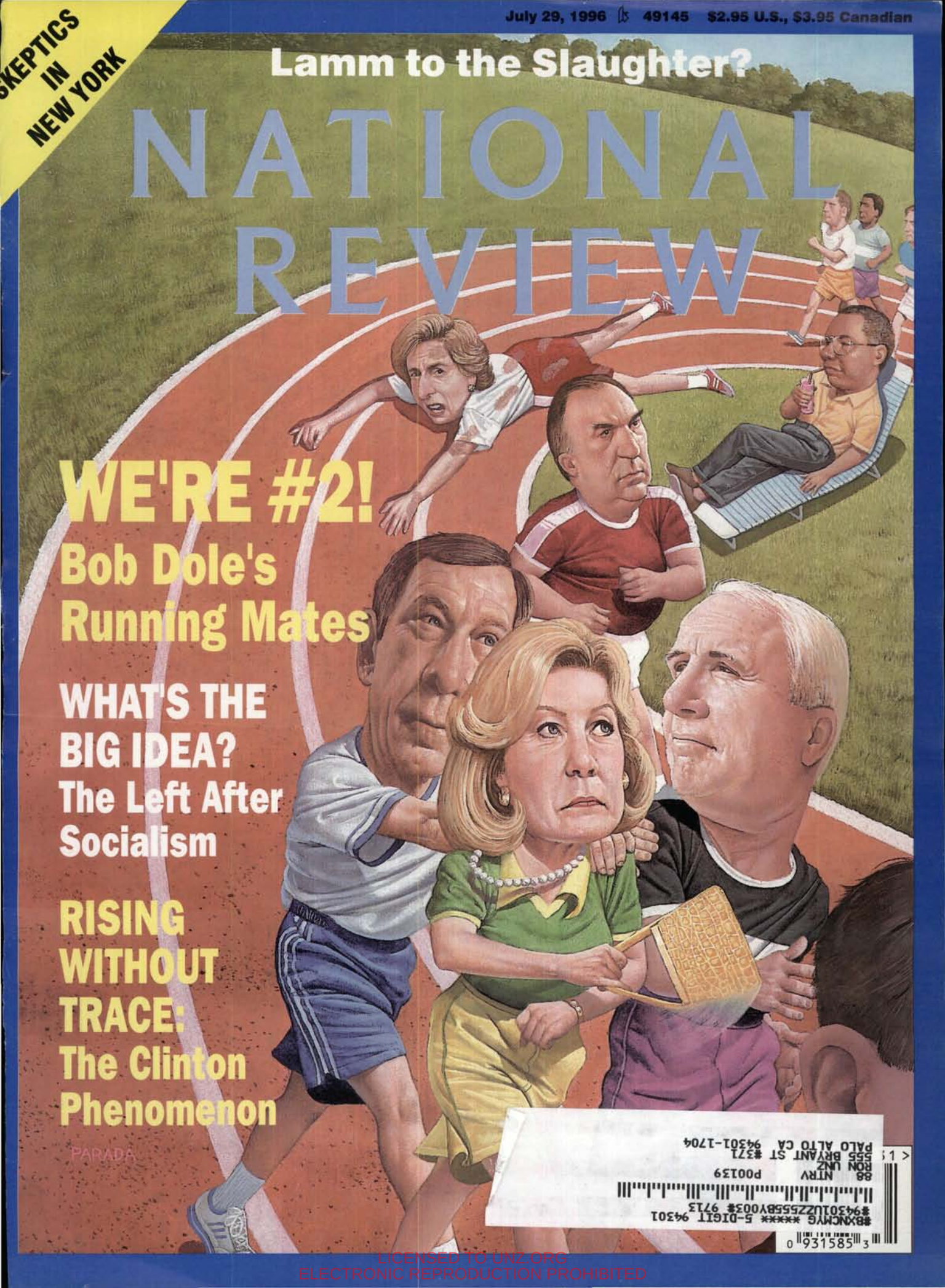

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LETTERS

Is God In the GOP?

David Scott's "Notes from the Alternative Nation" [June 17] is the first article I have read that takes a positive look at the "Christian subculture." I am a 21-year-old conservative Christian, and I firmly believe in not only God, but also the real America and the historic opportunity for conservatives to retake American life. As a part of this subculture, I clearly see the difference in the way we live, in attitudes toward everything from sex to music. Contemporary Christian music is a great alternative to the obscene secular music. In my church youth group, believing in God and country is still the way we live, and we support the conservative agenda as best we can, believing this is the way God wants us to live. Thank you for this article.

Scott E. Sanburn
Flushing, Mich.

Sociology v. *Science*

Frank Salter ["Political Science," June 3] accurately depicts much of the ideological nonsense that contemporary sociology attempts to pass off as science. Indeed, I became so fed up with it that several years before I resigned my position as a professor of sociology, I had ceased to refer to myself as a sociologist. Yet there is danger in relying on a single volume, as he does, to characterize an entire discipline.

Mr. Salter seems to assume that the only alternative to an ideology-laden sociology is one based on Darwinian natural selection. While the theory of natural selection may offer insights into such microevolutionary processes as the emergence of distinctive racial traits, its inadequacy in accounting for the creation of our species and its unique characteristics is increasingly apparent. Phillip E. Johnson argues that the theory of natural selection is based less on empirical science than on a blind faith in metaphysical naturalism. Frank Salter would have us substitute one unscientific doctrine for another.

Alex Ross
Vero Beach, Fla.

Mr. Salter correctly points out that, for ideological reasons, sociology has largely neglected the natural sciences. However, he should have perused the major peer-reviewed journals of the discipline (*American Sociological Review, American Journal of Sociology, Social Forces*), not the *Concise Oxford Dictionary of Sociology*. He would have found that, for the past several decades, many esteemed sociologists have encouraged their colleagues to learn from the significant discoveries of the biologists. True, progress has been slow, but the *Oxford Dictionary* does not reflect the current state of the discipline—the journals do.

Mr. Salter also correctly notes that sociologists as a whole have failed to accept the limits of social engineering. But he wrongly attributes this failure to ignorance of biology. Most sociologists fail to accept these limits because, like many other social scientists, they believe in a narrow doctrine of economic determinism that neglects the ways in which history and culture influence human affairs. Biology affects only the most basic aspects of social organization; beyond these aspects, history and culture take over to shape societies.

Robert L. Boyd
Mississippi State University
Mississippi State, Miss.

Regarding Mr. Ross's letter, the beauty of neo-Darwinism is its generality and usefulness in suggesting lines of investigation. But even if one strips away this overarching theory from behavioral biology, there is still a vast body of reliable description and sophisticated theory remaining. So I think it is valid to criticize mainstream sociology's neglect of biology even if one does not believe in Darwinism. The laws of human behavior deserve to be recognized whatever their origins.

Mr. Boyd and I agree that biology has made slow headway in sociology, and that this is partly for ideological reasons. And it is true that some biology is to be found in sociology journals. This does not answer the point about endless debates: what value would we assign a physics text that, while including all the classic theories from Newton to Einstein, also carried a chapter written by a flat-earther? Sociology has achieved much, but it will fully deserve the appellation "science" only when it reaches a consensus on a range of basic empirical issues, a consensus that does not fly in the face of biological fact (or any other established truths). And while I agree with Mr. Boyd's emphasis on history and culture in explaining social organization, I don't see how that excludes biology or economics. They are all (extricably) entwined. —FS

Slippery Landmarks

Thanks to the Supreme Court's tortured 6 to 3 decision on Colorado's Proposition 2 ["Kennedy's Queer Opinion," by Ramesh Ponnuru, June 17], coercion via special-class status will be now constitutionally sanctioned based on a lone behavior. And we must now ask: what new behaviors await the whims and power of the state to force special rights or unique status, however abhorrent the "protected" conduct? After all, that downhill slope is now well greased by the highest court of the land.

Paul M. Vetterick
Beaverton, Ore.

Unholy Alliances

Fanatics in Saudi Arabia are aping their IRA brethren. Terrorists all over the world are united in their opposition to democracy, law, and reason. The totem of the IRA, as Kevin Myers tells us ["Irish Revolutionary Violence," July 15], "is the Kalashnikov, given by the IRA's good friend, Colonel Qaddafi." For decades, before the fall of the Soviet Union, there was a de facto Marxist–Islamic alliance, held together by its opposition to Western values. How odd—and how terribly tragic—that his unholy alliance survives in Northern Ireland.

George Jochnowitz
The College of Staten Island
Staten Island, N.Y.

In the Women's Room

Now *there's* a strategy to attract the GOP's missing female voters ["Bread and Circuses," by Kate O'Beirne, June 17]. First, insult our intelligence. Cite some polls in support of said insults. Explain any residual beeps of consciousness with murmurs about respondents' lack of "frankness." Well, frankly, my dear: Is this my punishment for attempting to read Kate O'Beirne rather than, say, Kato Kaelin? Better hair, better manners, and better grasp of "notions of abstract justice." I am reminded of a legendary rabbi who reproached God, "If this is how you treat your friends, no wonder you have so few."

Kathleen G. Miller
Henderson, Nev.

Hooray for Kate O'Beirne! Someone has finally come out and said the unspeakable —that women have a tremendous influence on the American condition and that all too many of them are ill suited for such an important role because they are poorly informed about politics and do not perform a rigorous analysis of the candidates for whom they vote.

Leslie L. Lam
St. Louis, Mo.

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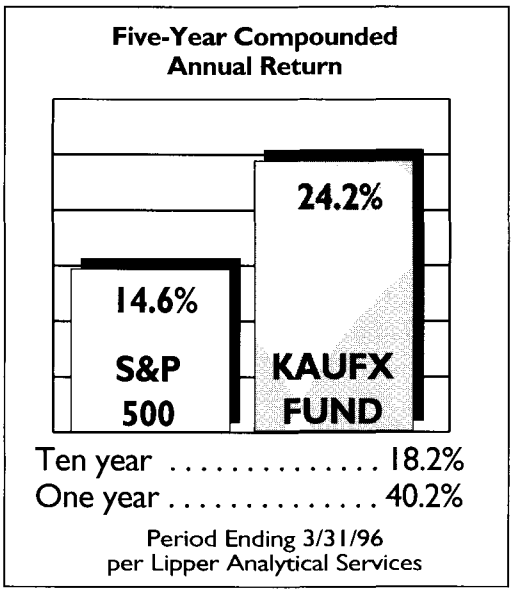

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FROM THE EDITOR

Hooked on Phonies

■ Jacob Sullum, *NR*'s former articles editor, analyzes in this issue how the press and television have treated Mr. Dole's stumbles into the smoking controversy. They have pursued the Republican standard-bearer with a sort of hysterical nagging, and he has responded with a sort of uncomprehending common sense.

What he has not comprehended, of course, is that smoking has become a symbol of evil to the liberal Overclass, particularly to its media branch—and not just evil either, but corporate evil. The tobacco industry is killer Capitalism—and by this logic, smokers are not people who have different tastes and risk-tolerances, but helpless addicts and thus victims.

Not yet confident that smoking can be legally prohibited, the overclass media demand that tobacco should nonetheless be treated as if it were an illegal substance. (They do not suggest anything so outrageous about actually illegal substances.) They want smokers socially harried, tobacco companies driven out of business by regulation and lawsuits, and smoking given the status of an unmentionable vice.

Mr. Dole's colloquial common sense—look, it's bad for you, but so are lots of things; sure, it's hard to give up, but lots of people manage it—undermines this pumped-up moral hysteria and threatens to derail the push for regulation.

■ So Mr. Dole himself must be undermined. Hence the suggestion that he has been corruptly influenced by tobacco-company donations to GOP funds.

The Democrats accept tobacco money too, but that's all right apparently. As President Clinton himself argued, the Democrats would never allow themselves to be influenced by bribes; therefore they may legitimately accept them.

In just such a manner can a truly holy Muslim drink alcohol, since the moment that the profane liquid touches his lips, it is transformed into the purest water.

Alas, the Republicans are not nearly so moral. Mr. Clinton sadly detected an "apparent impact" of tobacco donations on Mr. Dole's and the GOP's policy. And the *New York Times* chimed in with the qualified headline: "Democrats as Well as GOP Benefit from Tobacco—But Aid to Republicans Is Far Greater Since '95, Figures Show."

Since '95! A whole half-year! What a magnificent display of self-control! If Clinton and Co. can give up the filthy habit, perhaps smokers can too—unless, of course, the Democrats have merely switched to another brand.

■ Smoking is bad for your health and it should not be banned. Bishop Magee squared a very similar circle in 1872 when, opposing a British parliamentary bill to regulate "intoxicating liquors," he said memorably: "Better England free than England sober." Mr. Dole might write this on his wrist.

■ And speaking of bishops, an Associated Press report continues the saga of religious "inclusiveness." The United Church of Christ issued a hymnal in 1995 that avoids offense to the lame, the halt, the blind, and feminists.

"Faith of Our Fathers" becomes "Faith of the Martyrs"; God is sometimes referred to offhandedly as "her" (surely "Her," incidentally); "darkness" and "blind" have been excised from hymns where they had previously symbolized spiritual ignorance or resistance; and the "right hand of God" becomes the "mighty" hand of God, lest left-handed people feel left out.

Well, well. Doubtless the hymnal revisers have good intentions. But they are letting slip their contempt for the ordinary churchgoer. They assume, for instance, that blind people have no understanding of metaphors and will therefore take Biblical references to "the blind" quite literally, as cruel attacks upon themselves. This is literal-mindedness out of control.

What the hymnasts make of "Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel" (Matt. 23:24), She alone knows.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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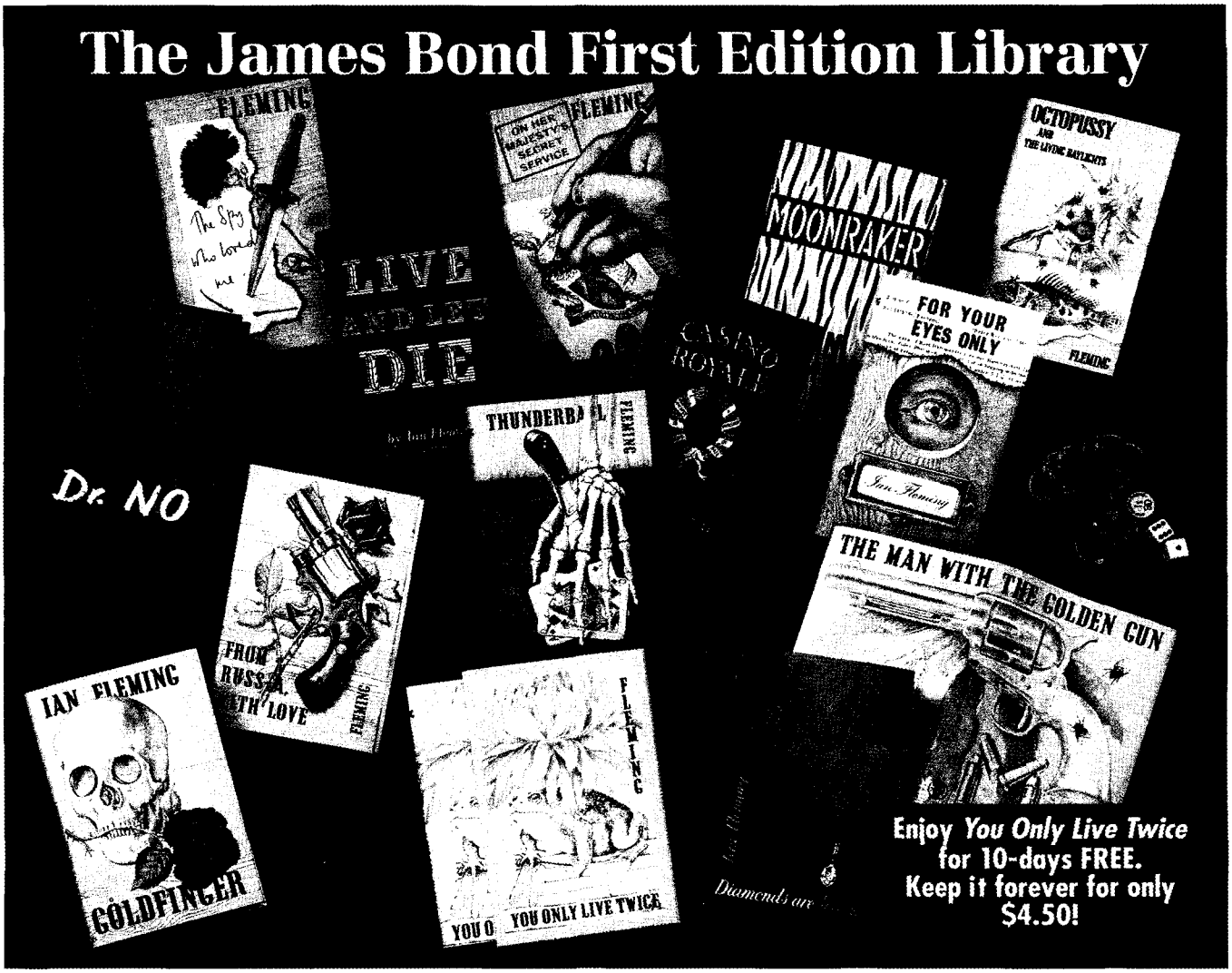

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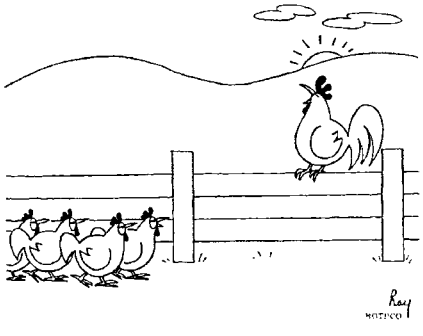
FOR THE RECORD

■ Citizen **Bob Dole** says presidential race is tightening. *Washington Post* reports that campaign officials think "that since Memorial Day Dole has narrowed **Clinton**'s lead in California from 24 points to 12 points; in Illinois from 30 points to 12 points; in Pennsylvania from 30 points to 13 points; in Michigan from 22 points to 10 points; in Missouri from 24 points to 12 points." But *Post*'s **Dan Balz** notes that in "forty years, no incumbent with approval ratings above 50 per cent at this point"—like Bill Clinton—"has been defeated for re-election." . . . After Dole mixed it up with **Katie Couric** over tobacco, Clinton aide told CNN "Dole's performance today was a gift from God." NBC's **Tim Russert**: "This footage . . . will be seen by more people than any event since Bob Dole resigned from the Senate. . . . It's leading local stations all across the country." . . . **Christina Martin**, deputy press secretary for Dole, says, "If Bill Clinton were issued a report card on the teen Drug War, it would read F for effort, F for results, and F for overall leadership. Marijuana use among young people has nearly doubled since Bill Clinton took office." . . . Dole expected to call for 10 per cent tax cut, and vague reform of tax code, by month's end. . . . GOP plans to reform front-loaded presidential primary system by offering extra delegates to states with later votes. . . . **Newt Gingrich**, on Veep speculation and **Colin Powell**: "There is a point where if Mom doesn't give you the Ferrari, you decide to ask for a Buick or a Ford." . . . *Wall Street Journal* reports that Clinton camp wants possible Reform Party candidate **Richard Lamm** in race; according to their polls he would help Clinton, while Perot would hurt him.

■ EMILY's List, PAC for liberal pro-abortion women candidates, is having a tough year, losing primaries in California, Washington, Rhode Island. . . . **John Joyce**, president of International Union of Bricklayers and Allied Craftsmen, rejects AFL-CIO's endorsement of Bill Clinton because he vetoed partial-birth-abortion ban. . . . Rep. **Steve Gunderson** (R., Wisc.) is reconsidering decision not to seek re-election. Death of Rep. **Bill Emerson** (R., Mo.) and Senate run by Rep. **Pat Roberts** (R., Kan.) leave him in line to be Agriculture Committee chairman. Rep. **Robert Dornan** (R., Calif.) takes to House floor for one hour to respond to Gunderson's remark that he was "full of prejudice and hatred" toward homosexuals. . . . **Jesse Jackson**, "shadow senator" for D.C., will also not seek re-election; he will campaign for Democratic congressional candidates nationwide who support D.C. statehood. . . . Sen. **Bob Kerrey** (D., Neb.) says he's "not absolutely satisfied" that Filegate was merely a "snafu." . . . Rep. **Jim Bunning** (R., Ky.) holds hearings in his Social Security Subcommittee of Ways and Means Committee looking into use of Social Security Trust Fund money to pay salaries of 146 Social Security employees who work full-time for Social Security Administration workers' union. Since 1993, amount of money spent on union activities at SSA has more than doubled, while workforce has increased 1 per cent.

■ Murder of Ireland's best-known investigative reporter, 33-year-old **Veronica Guerin**, dramatizes Republic's role as launching pad for much of Western Europe's illegal drug traffic. . . . Vietnam's geriatric troika, Party General Secretary **Do Muoi**, Pres. **Le Duc Anh**, and Prime Minister **Le Van Kiet**, were reconfirmed in a party congress which endorsed a continued slowdown in economic reform and sought to tighten political control. Government economist **Do Duc Dinh** says regulatory conflict between Hanoi and provinces will continue despite increasingly discomfited foreign investors. . . . In India, hard-line Communist intellectual-politician **Indrajit Gupta** takes control of police and security organs in Prime Minister **H. D. Deve Gowda**'s shaky center-left coalition. He and a colleague are first Communists in central government since independence in 1948. . . . Chief **Mangosuthu Buthelezi**'s Inkatha Party defeated South Africa's ruling party, African National Congress of Pres. **Nelson Mandela**, in rural parts of KwaZulu–Natal province but failed to win cities, of which Durban is most prominent. . . . **Mohammed al-Massaari**, prominent Saudi Arabian dissident who just won right to stay in Britain against government attempts to eject him, outrages some of his supporters by defending the attack in Dhahran which killed 19 American soldiers. . . . Despite rhetoric, Mainland China and Taiwan may be moving closer together: Gen. **Chiang Kai-shek**'s old house in Ningpo (in Zhejaing province) and Mme. Chiang's in Nanjing (in Fujiang province) are now open to tourists. . . . **Song Qiang**, 31-year-old Chinese journalist, claims that the CIA is encouraging sex among juveniles, that **Connie Chung** is a spy, that Motorola has given China third-rate technology, and that America is seeking an alliance to keep China out of the Spratly Islands in the South China Sea. The book, *China Can Say No*, plagiarizes well known Japanese nationalist book released a few years ago.



"Apparently this guy has some sort of agenda."

■ At "Taste of Chicago" festival, Bill Clinton nibbled on pierogi, cheese cornbread, vegetable samosa, chicken, shrimp fried rice, an egg roll, and barbecued pork. Asked if he was getting more than just a "taste" of Chicago, he replied, "I'm just trying to be fair." . . . **Linda Lamb**, in *Greenville (S.C.) Times Examiner*, ventures an explanation for the "gender gap" benefiting Bill Clinton: "Women are dumb about men. . . . As evidence, check out all those 'advice for lovers of lunkheads' books. There's no end to the titles like . . . *Why You Keep Falling in Love with Arrogant Jerks Who Treat You like Garbage*. . . . Who are these women who are buying all of these books? That's right: the same women who like Bill Clinton."

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THE WEEK

■ Who hired Hillary Clinton?

■ It crept across the country with July Fourth's summer dawn—the stunning realization that the *Wall Street Journal* editorial page had yet again flinched from repeating its once-traditional annual call for a constitutional amendment proclaiming "There Shall Be Open Borders." Indeed, there was no triumphalist immigration editorial at all. Mothers hushed crying children. Fathers gathered in grim groups under the bunting-bedecked pictures of Julian Simon crossing the Delaware and Emma Lazarus producing the Declaration of Independence from an Ellis Island steamer trunk. Everyone had accepted that the *Journal* edit page had to duck in 1994, in the (vain) hope of lulling Californians into not voting for Proposition 187's ban on welfare for illegal immigrants. And in 1995, of course, the edit page had to give priority to its (successful) disinformation campaign against the Smith–Simpson immigration-reform bills. But 1996? Were the *Journal* edit pagers demoralized by the devastating Rand Corporation report confirming that many recent immigrants are indeed failing in the economy? Humiliated at being singled out by Peter Passell, in his judicious column on the Rand report in the *New York Times*, because of their embarrassing hostility to evidence? Say it ain't so, Bob Bartley!

■ When Katie Couric asked Bob Dole if he thought C. Everett Koop had been "brainwashed" by the liberal media, he replied, "Probably a little bit." Talk of brainwashing has no place in American politics, Mr. Dole. As Daniel Patrick Moynihan once remarked, a light rinse would have done the trick.

■ The Census Bureau is debating whether to create a new racial category for the 2000 census—"multiracial." A recent government phone survey suggested that 1.6 per cent of Americans identify themselves in that way. Racial intermixing is actually much more widespread; up to three-quarters of black Americans have at least one white or Indian ancestor. (Jesse Jackson, for instance, has some of each.) What effect would a new category have? To the extent that it broke down the rigid black–white color lines of slavery, Jim Crow, and affirmative action, it would be a good thing. But if it added another preferred class of citizens (like "Hispanic" class, created by the Bureau several censuses back), then it would be one more step to Bosnia, from sea to shining sea. Here's a question: How many federal policy-makers identify themselves as "Americans"?

■ The Consumer Products Safety Commission celebrated the Glorious Fourth by blowing up a watermelon. Its message—we think—was not for you to blow up watermelons too, but not to blow yourself up when you set off a July 4th watermelon. Or something. Bureaucracy is like that.

■ *Independence Day* is, as anyone who has been on *this* planet knows, a rip-roaring tale of alien invasion. More surprisingly, it is also a showcase for belief in "Area 51," a top-secret base in Nevada where some think (yes they do) that the government carries out experiments on downed UFOs. *Independence Day* is science fiction, so perhaps this is to be expected. *The Rock*, however, is not science fiction; it is an action movie dominated by heavily armed men fighting for control of Alcatraz. Yet even this film reveals that a flying saucer really did crash near Roswell, New Mexico. What next? Alien "greys" near the grassy knoll? E.T., phone Stone.

■ The White House now says that the security breach at the Saudi air base, army regulatory laxity which may have contributed to the ValuJet crash, and the severe drought in the Southwest are all Vincent Foster's fault.

■ At presstime passage of a minimum-wage increase looks like a done deal, while the prospects for health-insurance regulation are in doubt. And that is all that's on the agenda of this Republican Congress: destroying low-wage jobs and the individual insurance market. This situation is the natural consequence of GOP paralysis on eco-

MACNELLY Chicago Tribune
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The G-7 Fights Terrorism.
AND, IF THEY DON'T STOP, WE'LL MAKE THEM ATTEND THE NEXT MEETING.

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nomic policy. Rep. Bill Archer (R., Tex.), chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, recently illustrated how even conservative Republicans have reverted to a pre-Reagan mode. Commenting on proposals for a 15 per cent across-the-board tax cut, he said, "I don't know where you get those spending savings that can be approved" in the House and Senate. In other words, we don't have the political will for spending cuts, and we won't be "irresponsible" and cut taxes without them. Republicans let their deficit obsession box them in, and superficially appealing but destructive proposals filled the vacuum. Senate Majority Leader Trent Lott and his colleagues must reassert control over the political agenda. Or else what's a majority for?

■ Let's get Jean Houston back in the White House. It's time to ask Vince Foster himself who hired Craig Livingstone, and a lot of other interesting questions.

■ The Dole campaign thinks it has a problem with a dangerous substance—not tobacco, but Pat Buchanan. Should he speak at San Diego at 3 in the afternoon? Should he speak at all? The Doleites should quit scaring themselves. Buchanan's speech at the Houston Convention in 1992 did not hurt the GOP—what hurt was the Bush campaign's failure to defend it, and the other socially conservative speeches, from Democratic and media counterattacks. This time around, Buchanan won the New Hampshire primary and pulled a quarter to a third of the vote in all the other primaries he contested. He speaks to a constituency—which includes a lot of registered Democrats—that Dole can ill afford to lose. And, unlike Colin Powell, he is not coy about speaking at a Republican convention. Give Buchanan an early prime-time slot on Monday night, back to back with Steve Forbes, the other strong contender with a mix of right-on and half-cocked positions. They will be happy; their supporters will be happy; Dole should be happy.

■ Meanwhile, anyone who enjoys a good culture clash really ought to have been present in London last week, when Pat Buchanan addressed a roomful of Tory Party luminaries, right-wing British journalists, and assorted plutocrats, together with a sprinkling of members of the leisured upper classes and Taki. The event was a black-tie dinner, given by Jimmy Goldsmith, the billionaire and fierce advocate of protectionism; the venue was Spencer House, the lush eighteenth-century London mansion once owned by the family of the Princess of Wales. After dinner, Buchanan gave more or less the same sort of speech he would give to a group of steelworkers in Michigan. In short, he impressed all those present with his energy, his command of statistics (the British do not bother with statistics) and ability to speak without notes (this is still a country which respects and admires extemporaneous speaking), and his condemnation of the European Union, an organization he (rightly) puts in the same category as the United Nations. Most of his listeners, however, found his economics perplexing, if not, in the words of one guest, "insane." The British, and British Tories in particular, believe very deeply that they have historically been the beneficiaries of free-trade policies. No upstart American was going to change their minds in one evening. But a good time was had by all, and Buchanan certainly made the best joke. He would not make any comments about President Clinton, he said: it is customary for American politicians not to insult the President while abroad—and certainly not while he's on active military duty.

■ Vietnam peacenik Philip Berrigan penetrated a restricted area of the National Security Agency to protest "dealing death to the world" but, instead of being arrested, got a polite welcome. For better luck next time, he should consider taking a position in the Clinton White House.

■ The exposé by retired FBI agent Gary Aldrich has prompted much self-flagellating introspection by media elites who regret the attention they've given a book whose most explosive charge is wholly unsubstantiated. The allegation that Bill Clinton sneaks over to the Marriott for illicit liaisons is apparently a rumor passed to Aldrich by conservative author David Brock, who is shocked, *shocked*, that it was reported as fact in *Unlimited Access*. Of course, the media haven't been so squeamish about second-hand sources in the past. Brent Bozell of the Media Research Center reminds us that the media widely reported George Bush's alleged affair and similarly unsubstantiated charges by Kitty Kelley, and Anita Hill easily met the media's reliability test. Aldrich's book suffers from the animus he clearly feels toward Clinton staffers whom he views as uncouth and disrespectful. He can be forgiven for disliking disagreeable people, but his outrage over the irresponsible behavior of the "Arkansas mafia" in the White House gets the better of his novice editorial judgment. Regrettably, his credible first-hand accounts of the Clintonites' disregard for national security has been lost in the media barrage against his unreliable sources. To discredit the book, the Administration has called it a right-wing conspiracy led by the Dole campaign. But the notion of Dole conspiring with right-wingers is far more fantastic than the notion of the President slipping out to a hotel.

■ The National Education Association congregated in Washington, D.C., to congratulate itself on a job ill done and to endorse—surprise—President Clinton for re-election. But it wasn't all a love fest. A proposal to endorse a "Lesbian and Gay History Month" for all of America's schools was struck down, its advocates placated with a resolution opposing all forms of "discrimination and stereotyping." The NEA also resolved that "efforts to legislate English as the official language disregard cultural pluralism, deprive those in need of education, social services, and employment, and must be challenged." At least they practice what they preach.

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■ The Libertarian Party also convened in Washington over the July 4th holiday, nominating investment expert Harry Browne as its presidential candidate. Twenty-five years after the birth of the party, Browne believes that the "American people are fed up with this wasteful, extravagant government"; hopes that Libertarians can overcome the "hurdle of irrelevancy" to offer a realistic alternative at the voting booth. Browne wants to abolish the IRS and replace the federal income tax with nothing; end Social Security, welfare, and any federal role in education or law enforcement; and "pardon all non-violent" drug offenders on his first day in office. Abortion and gay marriage, which Browne says are "none of my business," would be unrestricted under a Libertarian Administration (think of it as the Clinton White House, only more so). After "clean[ing] up the mess," President Browne would go back home and enjoy life.

■ Bill Clinton can't afford to veto illegal-immigration controls in an election year. Bob Dole has based his California campaign on the GOP's tough stand on illegal immigration. So, where is the bill that both houses of Congress passed and sent to conference two months ago? The House leadership has put off announcing conferees while Republicans try to reach agreement—but that may not come. Republican Sens. Arlen Specter (Pa.) and Orrin Hatch (Utah) believe that Washington *should* require the states to educate illegal aliens, that taxpayers *should* pay for welfare services for immigrants, and that the asylum system *should* continue to function as a back door for illegal immigration. If Dole is not serious enough about the issue to convince Specter and Hatch that his chances in California depend on it, then Clinton can carry the state without raising a sweat. The parties will blame each other for killing reform, but the real losers will be the American—the legally American—people.

■ Maybe Miz Hillary wanted to channel with Mahatma Gandhi to get tips on sacred cow futures.

■ More on black churches (see "The Week," July 15). They say that black churches are being burned by racists. "They," notes Michael Fumento in the *Wall Street Journal*, turn out to be one main source, the ultra-liberal Center for Democratic Renewal. (CDR's chairman, the Rev. C. T. Varian, avers as how "There's only a slippery slope between conservative religious persons and those who are doing the burning.") Meanwhile, statistics show the alleged epidemic to be an anomaly, the result of more states collecting data on church arsons. Among states that have compiled this information, says Fumento, the number of black-church burnings in 1994 (11) was actually lower than in 1990 (13). The number in 1991 (16) was the same as in 1995. Church burnings are up this year—at white and black churches alike—according to an Associated Press review. Black suspects were fingered in 9 of the 73 black-church arsons recorded over the past 18 months. Drunken teenagers and burglars are implicated in most of the others; in only 12 cases was racism a clear motivation. "Let's stipulate that burning a church is evil," columnist James Glassman (who pioneered this skeptical coverage) wrote, adding: "But we should also remember that this is an election year. And a fire makes an excellent political smokescreen." Amen.

■ *NR* Senior Editor Peter W. Rodman has been highly honored: his FBI file was among those Reagan/Bush–era NSC-staff files called up by White House goon Craig Livingstone. If his file includes any of his writings for *NR*, the White House might actually have learned something.

■ Turkey's political crisis, festering since the parliamentary elections of last December, has produced an ominous result. Islamist Welfare Party leader Necmettin Erbakan is now prime minister, in a coalition with Tansu Ciller's secular True Path party, Mrs. Ciller's blood feud with a rival secular conservative party having guaranteed that the secular forces would not unite. Mrs. Ciller is deputy premier and foreign minister, and her party holds the national-security portfolios. Therefore, the link with the U.S. through NATO and the recent military-cooperation agreement with Israel theoretically remain intact, despite Mr. Erbakan's open hostility to both. Turkey is a strategically pivotal country, which has lately been playing a more active, moderating role in the Middle East and among the Turkic peoples of the former Soviet Union. Its internal crisis stems from the weakness of the secular parties (and from the political elite's cavalier treatment of the people's Islamic faith in the past). We can hope Mrs. Ciller's gamble pays off and that political Islamism will be successfully co-opted and tamed by power. But there is a risk—and a serious one. Turkey's foreign policy, and crucial Western strategic interests, hang in the balance.

■ General William Tecumseh Sherman leveled the Virginia Military Institute stone by stone, during his victorious march through Lexington, Virginia. The U.S. Supreme Court, a leveler of a different kind, has ruled that the all-male VMI is unconstitutional (7 to 1, Justice Scalia dissenting, Justice Thomas abstaining—his son goes to

An Unfortunate Diversion

One more deposition—the Map Room
Was where the tape ran—in the can.
One more Friend of Bill taking uppers
For guts spilling over a fan.
The light at the end of the courtroom
Is Dole, a tobacconist's dream,
Who stiffed twitty Katie as Liddy
Smiled brightly and stifled a scream.

—W. H. VON DREELE

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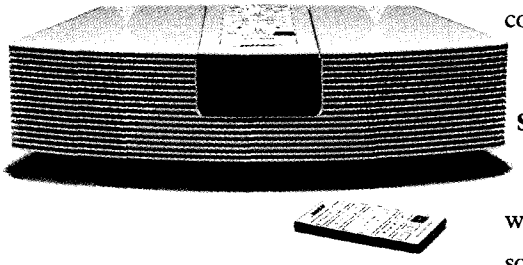

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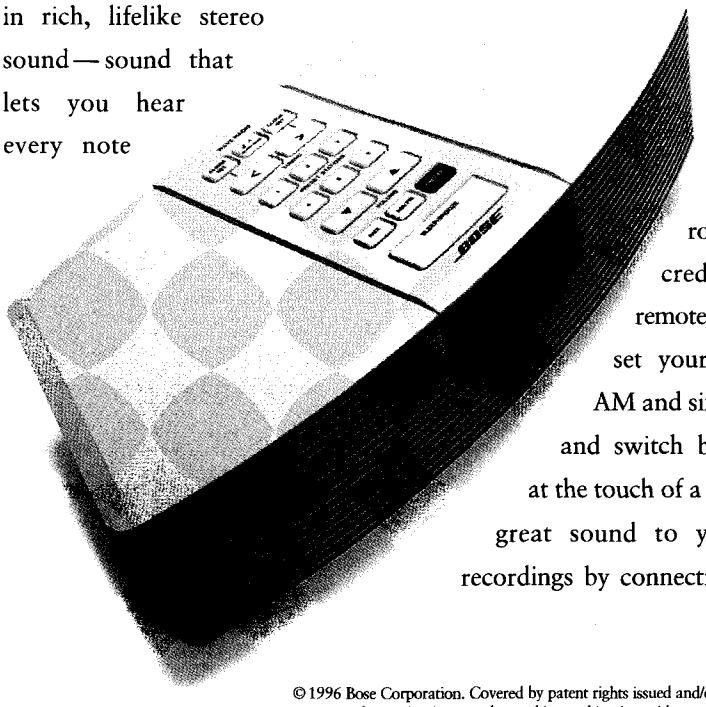

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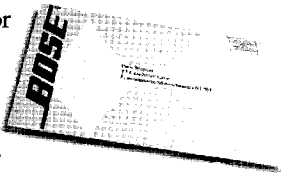

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VMI). Same-sex public colleges are unconstitutional; same-sex marriages may soon be constitutional.

■ Mr. Clinton celebrated the Fourth of July with a glorious photo-op: the release of a three-year-old female bald eagle named, a bit too conveniently, Freedom. (The bird had been injured and was being returned to the wild after treatment.) Fly away, Freedom, fly! Soar high and free!! Away, away flew Freedom, higher, higher, and out of camera range, where she was attacked and downed by ospreys. Rescuers found the poor creature wounded anew and floundering around in a river, and took her back to the hospital.

Dole's World

A REPUTATION for seriousness on foreign affairs has been a major asset for Republicans in presidential elections for almost thirty years. It is an advantage on which Bob Dole seeks to capitalize. He faces two obstacles. First, American voters are said to be uninterested in foreign affairs. In fact, polls suggest that the public is neither isolationist nor satisfied with America's current position in the world. Foreign policy is the area par excellence where public opinion follows leadership; it will interest voters to the extent that Republicans bring it to their attention compellingly. They ought to do so, because protecting the nation from external threats is the first task of the Federal Government.

The second, and more substantial, obstacle for Dole is that his party has largely avoided hard thought about foreign policy during the Clinton interregnum. Clinton has created such a large target that it has been all too easy for Republicans just to criticize his record. As a result, their foreign policy has been reactive and piecemeal. As Jonathan Clarke writes in the latest *National Interest*, the debate during the primaries "rarely rose above the primitive and often sank to the ludicrous."

The temptation for Bob Dole will be to treat foreign policy as an adjunct to the "character issue" in this campaign. On this strategy, Clinton's inconstancy and incompetence will be mocked; the election will be framed as a contest between the foreign-policy grown-ups and the feckless kids. But if Republicans confine themselves to assailing the Clintonites' management of foreign policy, they will miss a chance to challenge its direction. They should be calling the Clintonites to account for a reckless policy toward Russia and China that amounts to little more than hoping for the best; for snubbing traditional allies like Britain (on Northern Ireland) and Japan (on trade) and potential new ones in Central Europe; for reducing the nation's military capabilities while expanding its global mission to include social work.

To reveal the Administration's weaknesses, Republicans must present a coherent alternative approach to foreign affairs: one in which America neither embarks on grand crusades to promote abstractions nor attempts to disengage from the world, but instead seeks prudently to advance its interests in peace, commerce, and stability. That means, first of all, reversing the alarming free-fall in our defense preparedness—starting with early deployment of strategic-missile defense (an issue whose importance could be easily communicated to the American public in a 30-second ad). In addition, Republicans must consider concrete steps to strengthen the Atlantic Alliance and to discourage the evolution of Europe into a potentially rival power. They must defend the use, when necessary, of covert operations, intelligence, proxy forces, and other Reaganite tools that seem to be off the diplomacy-obsessed Clinton Administration's radar screen. And if they truly want to be considered "adults," Dole and his allies must be willing to spell out the costs and obligations that will accompany their policies. That Central European nations should join NATO is becoming party orthodoxy, and rightly so. But NATO enlargement implies that Americans may one day have to "die for Gdansk" (i.e., fight for America's interest in a stable, free, and prosperous world), and its advocates have to come clean with the American public beforehand. That is the only way to prepare a mandate for such a major policy shift.

Making the case for a Republican foreign policy will take long, patient work with few immediate rewards. In other words, it is the kind of task to which Bob Dole is perfectly suited by character and temperament.

Thank You, Justice Ginsburg

The Citadel's been taken.
VMI's in the bag.
Cadets are clearly shaken
And Beauregard must gag.
Old songs may shake the rafters
As panties line the john,
But what the girls are after's
Irrevocably gone.

—W. H. VON DREELE

Quotas: Going, Going . . .

IN ITS 1978 *Bakke* decision, the Supreme Court held that institutions of higher education could consider an applicant's minority race as a "plus factor" in making admission decisions in order to increase "diversity." In *Hopwood* v. *Texas*, the Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit (Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi) held that *Bakke* is no longer the law on "affirmative action" (racial preferences) in higher education and therefore that race

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may not be considered at all except in a very limited remedial situation. To the surprise of nearly all observers and the dismay of many, the Supreme Court refused to review this remarkable and enormously important decision, permitting it to stand, although only four votes are needed to grant review.

Despite strenuous efforts to downplay the significance of the Court's action (including a baseless statement by Justice Ginsburg, joined by Justice Souter, that the case was moot), it is likely to be of great effect. It would seem to indicate, at the very least, that a majority of the Justices were not totally dissatisfied with the Fifth Circuit's decision. The four liberal Justices would, no doubt, prefer to have the issue decided after President Clinton adds another Justice to their number, but the issue cannot be addressed by the Court again until a new case arises, and that might be years away. In the meantime, the era of "affirmative action" would seem to be over in the Fifth Circuit, and once the huge "affirmative action" bureaucracy that exists on every campus—the source of most campus troubles—is dismantled, the force of inertia will shift against its being started up again.

But can there be one law in the Fifth Circuit and a different law in the rest of the country? The law in the rest of the country may quickly stop being different. Last year the Fourth Circuit (Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, West Virginia) reached a decision very similar to *Hopwood*, disallowing all race-based scholarships, and then, too, the Supreme Court declined review. Schools that continue to use racial preferences in the

Right Data

ARE you better off today than at the end of the 1980s? If yes, then congratulations: You're in the richest fifth of all U.S. households. Government data show that, despite an economic "recovery," the average income of all other groups has declined since 1989.

In the chart we can see four distinct eras. From 1967 to 1973 all groups saw their incomes rise. (Other data show that the postwar upswing actually started in 1947.) This was a golden age of low inflation, when GDP grew at an average annual rate of 3.8 per cent. Federal spending was comparatively modest; excluding defense outlays, Washington grabbed an average 8.2 per cent of GDP during the period 1947 to 1967, versus 18 per cent today.

Double-digit inflation reduced the income of most U.S. households, especially the poor, during the period 1973 to 1982. Then, spurred by the 1981 tax cut, deregulation, and a slowing of the growth of government spending, incomes across the board rose during seven of Ronald Reagan's eight years in office.

Although the gap between rich and poor has grown continuously since 1973, never has it expanded as rapidly as in the Clinton years. From 1992 to 1994 (the latest available year), real income of the richest 5 per cent of households rose from $152,751 to $183,044, up a whopping 20 per cent. Even during the Reagan years, these well-to-do folks did not see their income rise as fast. A key measure of income disparity—average income of the richest fifth as a multiple of the income of the poorest fifth—rose to a record 13.6 in 1994, up from 12.2 in 1989.

A statistical quirk may explain part of this: in 1994 the Census Bureau raised the maximum household income recorded by its computers from $300,000 to $1 million. But among middle-class workers, income stagnation is depressingly real. The real earnings of the average male full-time worker declined 1.1 per cent in 1994, and 2.2 per cent in 1993. To make ends meet, more of us moonlight. In March 1996, 7.9 million Americans were holding two or more jobs, up 10.2 per cent since March 1994.

The Clinton Administration insists that we're doing as well as we can. Recent research disagrees. Employing an econometric model used by the Federal Government, Heritage Foundation economists Scott A. Hodge and William W. Beach have measured the economic impact of the 1993 budget act. That law added two new tax brackets (36 and 39.6 per cent), raised corporate-income and gas taxes, and forced Social Security recipients to pay tax on a larger fraction of their income. These changes will push federal taxes to 19.1 per cent of GDP this year, a level exceeded in only five years since 1960.

Hodge and Beach's findings: "The economy would have grown significantly faster without the Clinton tax increases and spending reductions of 1993." In 1996 alone, they say, U.S. workers would have earned an added $46.5 billion—about $465 per household. For a typical household, $465 translates into 1.8 months of groceries, or 2.9 months of medical bills.

Clinton apologists point to nearly 9 million new jobs created since 1991. Fine, but the model finds that 1.2 million additional jobs would have been created were it not for the 1993 Act. This helps explain why employment is growing at only half the average rate of previous postwar recoveries. Political implications? Consider this: 55 per cent of voters with annual incomes of more than $100,000 voted for Republican congressional candidates in 1994. Meanwhile, voters earning under $15,000 a year—losers under Clinton, gave an overwhelming 62 per cent of their votes to Democratic candidates. Maybe it's *not* the economy, stupid.

—Ed Rubenstein

Household Income Trends: Poor Get Poorer in Bush/Clinton Years
(Income in 1994 dollars)

	Poorest 20%	Middle 60%	Richest 20%	Income Gap: Richest/Poorest
1967	$6,638	$29,141	$73,267	11.0 times
1973	8,063	33,201	83,271	10.3
1982	7,756	32,050	84,841	10.9
1989	8,391	35,886	102,221	12.2
1994	7,762	34,001	105,945	13.6

Source: Census Bureau

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other circuits would be well advised, at a minimum, to take seriously *Bakke*'s insistence that race may be used only as a plus factor, not as the determining factor, in admission decisions. But the gap in academic qualifications between black and white applicants to selective institutions of higher education is much too large to be closed without making race the determining factor. Almost all selective schools, therefore, have, like the University of Texas Law School, simply ignored the *Bakke* limitation and engaged in more or less open race-norming: going down the list of racially preferred applicants and admitting them until the desired numbers are reached, without ever putting them in competition, as *Bakke* requires, with better-qualified whites. The dilemma faced by racially discriminatory schools is that to continue this practice after *Hopwood* would almost certainly be to invite litigation, but to apply *Bakke* in good faith would not in practice be very different from terminating "affirmative action" in higher education.

. . . but Not Yet Gone

MEANWHILE the California Civil Rights Initiative is the best political chance Republicans have had in decades to crack the regime of racial preferences. The effort to turn back this preference regime is just, necessary, and—as if all this weren't enough—a political boon. CCRI seems to be weathering the first stages of a vicious, well-financed smear campaign against it, maintaining its 70–30 popularity among California voters. Given all this, the retreat from vocal support of CCRI by the Dole campaign and Republicans nationally is not just a tactical mistake or an exercise in poor judgment; it is an act of moral and political cowardice that calls into question what, if any, principles the Dole–Gingrich Republican Party considers important enough to stand and fight for.

Dole's hanging back on CCRI isn't just a matter of denying the ballot initiative another voice in its favor; it actively hurts its chances in two ways. The first is financial. CCRI opponents are rumored to have about a million dollars in "hard" cash in the bank ready to be spent directly on defeating the initiative, and have recently raised some $1.3 million in "soft" money from the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations for indirect, "educational" efforts against CCRI. Meanwhile, the full institutional force of the Left—the NAACP, NOW, etc.—is being brought to bear throughout the state. Standing against this phalanx are essentially four or five individuals, desperate for reinforcement. Dole's silence makes their job of raising the cash to survive the coming onslaught much more difficult (why give if CCRI doesn't even have the blessing of the party's leader?), as do the subtle signals the Republican National Committee seems to be sending donors that the ballot initiative may be expendable.

The second is political. The Dole campaign suggests that this just may not be the right time to talk about CCRI—wait for the fall. In its own terms, this is bad tactics. How do you make such a complex and delicate argument at the last minute without being suspected of playing politics? But the Dole campaign is making a still worse strategic calculation, i.e., that the issue of preferences needs to be thrown overboard in an effort to close the "gender gap." This is stupidity of the first order. Women have husbands, sons, and fathers. They have the same sense of fairness as men. And it shows in their attitude to CCRI; according to the *Los Angeles Times*, 61 per cent of women support it. The only way that number will change is if CCRI opponents succeed in selling their tissue of lies—recently rebutted by 26 constitutional scholars—about the initiative repealing women's rights. And that will happen only if CCRI is abandoned, politically and financially, by a timid GOP. The Left clearly understands the stakes in this battle; if Republicans do, they have yet to show they care.

The Veep's Dirty Secret

Gore's money's from tobacco.
Big Daddy grew the weed.
Al dusted it and sprayed it
And watered every seed.
CNN ran the film clip—
There's Al out on the stump
Sweet-talking Lucky's growers
To give his polls a bump.

—W. H. VON DREELE

Smoke and Fire

THE Dole campaign found itself buffeted by two squalls—abortion (again) and cigarettes—which are seemingly unrelated, but in fact linked.

Abortion came first, as Dole suggested that, yes, he could have a pro-abortion running-mate. Even New Jersey Gov. Christine Todd Whitman, who supported Bill Clinton's veto of the ban on partial-birth abortions? "Fantastic," said Dole. (Gov. Whitman subsequently took herself out of contention, knowing full well that she would provoke a brawl in San Diego, should Dole be unwise enough to choose her.) The next day, Dole got into a long wrangle with *Today* show host Katie Couric about contributions from tobacco companies, the addictive properties of nicotine, and whether or not the media are biased for pressing Dole on such issues. In the meantime, whoever took over Craig Livingstone's job as heckling impresario for the Democratic Party was dispatching figures dressed as cigarettes to Dole rallies.

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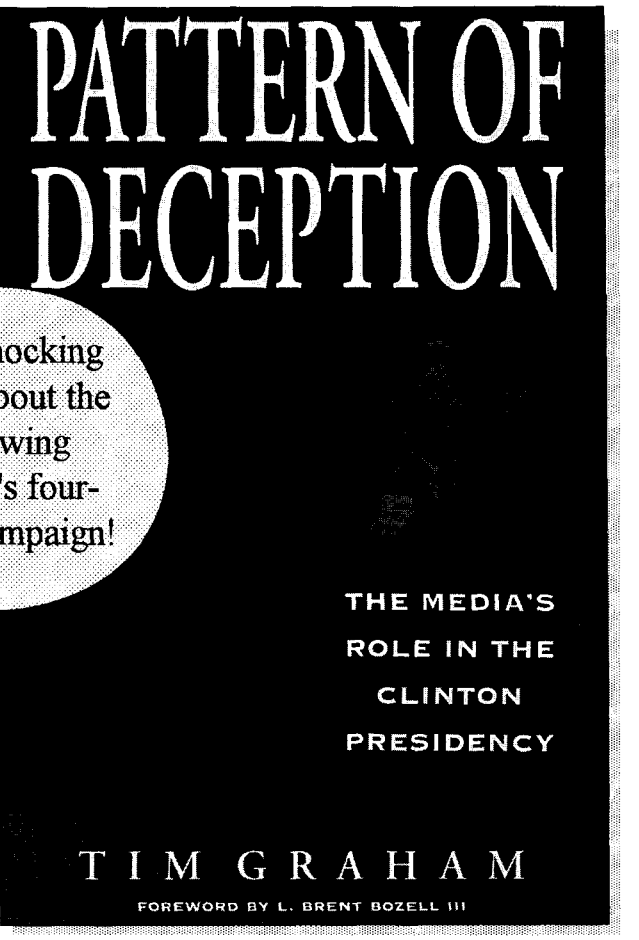

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-- Cal Thomas

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The irony of the on-going abortion saga is that, by all accounts, Dole's position is not in fact up for grabs. Dole has been pro-life since *Roe* v. *Wade*. Rep. Henry Hyde, the staunch pro-lifer who chairs the Republican Platform Committee, is convinced that the move, encouraged by Dole, to put toleration language in the platform will "be worked out" (i.e., the language will not be attached to the pro-life plank). In other words, Dole is creating an appearance of flexibility, for the consumption of social liberals and that subset of them known as the media.

But if you appear to put a major conservative position like abortion up for grabs, Democrats will not sit back while Republicans thrash it out: they will take their own war to you. Hence the cigarette flap, abetted to be sure by Dole's own forensic left-footedness. The anti-model which Dole seems to be following is Michael Dukakis's forlorn run in 1988. Dukakis thought that that race was about "competence," but found to his dismay that the GOP made it into a race about taxes and Willie Horton, both valid and damaging issues.

There is nothing wrong with trying to put the media off balance. But Dole must take care not to unbalance himself. The center of gravity, for Dole as for any Republican nominee, is an aggressive campaign of conservative principle. Where there is fire, there won't be smoke.

The Week in Verse

Say what you will of Nineteen Ninety-Six,
It's brought with it a diff'rent politics.
Away with all those "issues" once debated
At endless length: now all such stuff's outdated.
We'll vote for him who, not too good or bad,
Solves problems that we didn't know we had,
Stands firm for virtue (that at least's his spin)
And unequivocally oppos'd to sin.
So *Clinton* boldly claims he stands foursquare
Against bad meat, for safety in the air;
He thinks that truants ought to go to school;
He'll trace their guns to justify his rule.
And if for bedrock principle you search,
Ev'n as a child he wouldn't burn a church,
Nor would he take a dime if he were broke
From those who live by making children smoke.
(Let no one say that *he* is out of touch;
If only poor *Bob Dole* could say as much!)

Meanwhile, Dole's claim t' th' electorate's esteem
Is that he's (on abortion) not "extreme."
It's true he's also anti-teenage crime—
As are the greatest thinkers of our time—
But still we know there's some stray lib'ral wacko
Who doubts he's hate enough for big tobacco.
His best hope now is that the *Aldrich* book
Or *Starr's* indictments get him off the hook
By sinking *Bill* (or *Hill'ry*)—while he doesn't look.

In *Russia*, *Yeltsin* wins another term
Although he's ill, and ever more infirm,
While *Lebed* waits—the final outgrowth of that germ.
Of dangerous men like this we have our share,
Who'll lead or follow, but will greatly dare.
Of *Gore*, for instance, it is said that he
Once raised tobacco down in *Tennessee*!
And braver still—the torpedoes he'll damn
Of fierce Perot—there's so unlamblike *Lamm*.

—JUVENAL

NOTES & ASIDES

■ *A commencement speech given at St. John's College in Annapolis, Maryland, on May 19, 1996, by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.*

From quite early on, beginning when I was 12 or 13, I heard my father say that he hoped his sons, of whom I was the third, would, when reaching college age, attend St. John's. This did not happen, my brothers opting for the geographically expedient Yale, only an hour's drive from where we lived. But my father's reverence for the idea that animates St. John's lingers in the memory, and later on I would read references to this college in the work of my father's friend Albert Jay Nock. Mr. Nock was not given to ambiguity, and if I remember right, at one point he pronounced St. John's the only college in the United States where a student could still receive an education. As I think back on it, his views on education were more complacent than my father's, who in a moment of exasperation with the modern curriculum told his ten children that, in America, *either* one went to college, *or* one received an education.

Mr. Nock exaggerated, of course, but he would not be distracted from his main point, which was that any attempt at education that is not grounded in Athens and Rome is quite simply evasive. Because, he said, every subject that challenges the human curiosity and intimates the resources of the human mind is sitting there in the copious inventory left by ancient Greece and Rome. To ignore them, as most curricula now do, is to ignore the primary deposits of Western intellectual experience.

Most educators would classify any such claim as exorbitant, and many even deal with it condescendingly: this is easier to do now that Mr. Nock is dead, because he knew very well how to bite back, in any of the five languages he had mastered. Critics will cite the huge events in human thought and experience that came *after* the fall of Rome. No matter—St. John's is not here to deny the importance of what came after, which after all figures prominently in your own later curriculum. Albert Jay Nock was insisting on the indispensability of root knowledge, of what is learned only, he insisted, by knowing first what was thought and done between the time of Homer and Marcus Aurelius.

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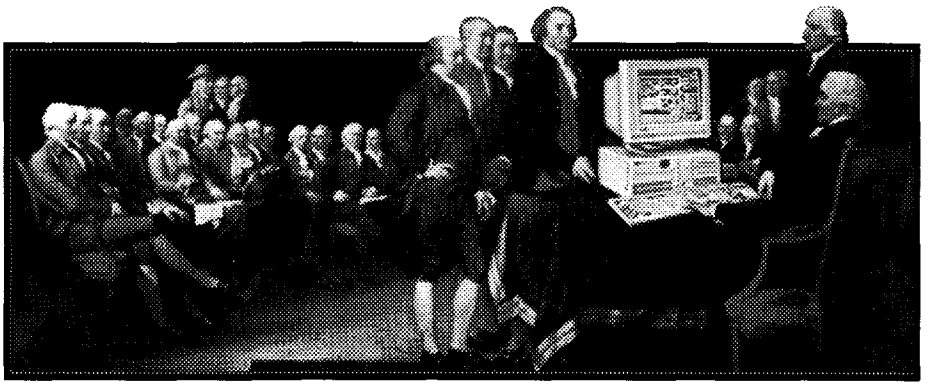

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But our mind then turns to the other end of the scale, to the proliferation of knowledge.

HOW is it possible to keep up in today's world? The answer is that it *isn't* possible to "keep up," in any actuarial sense.

Someone somewhere remarked that Erasmus was probably the last man on earth about whom it could more or less safely be generalized that he knew everything there was to know. By "everything" was meant everything in the Western canon. Probably that means that Erasmus was known to have read every book then existing in those Western languages in which books were written. Knowledge was finite in the fifteenth century, and so tightly packed that the entire Western library fitted into a single room in Salamanca. One still finds there, framed and hanging over the arched doorway, a papal bull of excommunication automatically activated against any scholar who departed that room with one of those invaluable volumes hidden in his vestments.

Five hundred years later we are told that twice as much "knowledge" is charted with the passage of every decade. Suppose, by way of illustration, that at the end of every decade the penetrating reach of a telescope doubles. In that event you begin the decade knowing x about astronomic geography. At the end of the first decade, you know $2x$; at the end of the second decade, $4x$; and so on.

All this is so primarily because of the multiplier effect of computerized explorations. On *that* question skepticism *is* dead, very dead. It was only a hundred years ago that George Bernard Shaw was told that the speed of light had been ascertained to be 186,000 miles per second. He replied that such a finding was either a physicist's effrontery or a plain lie. But we know now that raw knowledge has to increase. Pol Pot made a titanic effort to bring about nescience in Cambodia. His undertaking, twenty years ago, was to kill everyone who was literate—excepting, presumably, those at his command who needed to decipher his instructions to kill everybody else who could read instructions. He tried very hard, killing almost one-third of the Cambodian population; but he did not succeed in his ambition, and no one will. The wonderful line from the Russian novelist Ilya Ehrenburg comes to mind here, that when all the world is covered by asphalt, somewhere a blade of grass will force open a crack, bidding its ineluctable way through to sunlight.

The knowledge explosion, as we have come to refer to it, is philosophically accepted. With this acceptance comes a discreet resignation to live in relative ignorance, on a progressive scale.

SO THEN the question peeks in at us: What is it that we are expected to *keep on* knowing? And what are the prospects in the years ahead of the survival of a common cultural vocabulary? If we mean to continue to talk to one another, don't I have to understand what you're saying if, to excuse an inattention, you remind me that, after all, even Homer nodded?

To know this is different from knowing that the earth is round, that a day comprises 24 hours, or that the seasons follow one another. But can we assume that the computer programmer, master of his own discipline, will in a moment of frustration console himself by reflecting that —even Homer nodded?

It is fair to ask, Why remember *this* formulation? To which the reply is that there is no design here to forsake others, merely to give an illustration. Besides, the defense avers, with the ascendancy of myth-breaking science, we should cherish a formulation that reminds us of man's fallibility. The impulse to self-government, along with the exercise of the scientific method, wore down many encrustations. The belief in the divine right of kings began to wither on the overburdened wings of certitude. It was in the seventeenth century, the lexicographers tell us, that the phrase about Homer gained currency. If fallibility could catch up with Homer, how much likelier it is that *we* will err. Homer was the august poet universally regarded as unerring (the divine Homer). Yet it was before the time of Christ that textual explorations caught him up, in one case describing a ship in which he placed a rudder on the boat's bow end. It was Horace who wrote that "even excellent Homer sometimes nods."

By documenting an imperfection in the excellent Homer, we are reminded of the comparative magnitude of our own errancy. A knowledge of individual fallibility nudges us on to accept the probability of collective fallibility, and—indulge me, please, my glide pattern—our mind then turns to such safeguards as government by laws, not men; to the concept of checks and balances; to human rights. And one is prompted to reflect that the knowledge of human fallibility may orient us to hunger after infallibility, which surely gives rise to the religious instinct. And this instinct acknowledges what some of us insist on calling "eternal verities."

Your curriculum takes you from Homer to Flannery O'Connor in literature, and from Plato to William James in philosophy. You have trod the great highways and byways of Western culture and thus you have in hand the basic instruments of communication. Do not be overawed by what you have *not* learned. Everything over there, in the high galaxies of experimental science and indeed social surmise, is deracinated, except as it is rooted in what you have studied, and what you *do* know.

What so many of us experience, even those who have never laid eyes on St. John's, is the special lure of this campus, and a feel of the serenity it continues to irradiate with its emphases on the initial struggle for knowledge, back when Thales first restated the quest for an understanding of man and his universe. You have every reason to be proud of what you have learned, and to be grateful to those who taught it to you, and to the parents who expedited your passage first into the world, then to St. John's. You will not easily be surprised, standing on the shoulders of the giants; and, as you experience commencement speakers who come and go, you will be reminded, as today, that even Homer nodded. **—WFB**

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CAPITAL SCENE

See How They Run

RICH LOWRY

Bonnie T. Gardner

WASHINGTON, D.C.

JAMES Baker managed George Bush's campaign for the Senate in 1970—and lost. He managed Gerald Ford's campaign for President in 1976—and lost. He himself ran for attorney general of Texas in 1978—and lost. In 1980 he managed Bush's campaign for the Republican presidential nomination—and lost. In 1988 he managed Bush's general-election campaign and won—on the coattails of Ronald Reagan. Finally, he headed Bush's 1992 re-election campaign and saw his candidate garner the lowest percentage of the popular vote of any incumbent President since 1912. Baker, in short, is a political loser, adept chiefly at media leaks that help keep the hot air in his crazily overinflated reputation. He is also a legitimate candidate to be Bob Dole's running-mate.

To be sure, the odds are against Baker, who made his way into the vice-presidential sweepstakes via Bob Woodward's *The Choice*. But he is a plausible contender because he meets what will be Dole's two chief criteria for a running-mate, as related to Woodward. The first is that the VP nominee be a "10," a figure accorded universal respect (from the media) and already prepared to step into the Presidency. (Dole rates himself as having been only a 7 as a candidate in 1976.) The other criterion is Dole's own comfort with the running-mate, suggesting a pick who is temperamentally moderate, an experienced Washington hand, and personally on good terms with Dole. Baker passes both tests.

Less likely to fare well under the Dole tests are the candidates who would energize the party's conservative base. The two conservatives with national prominence, Jack Kemp and Bill Bennett, both badly fail the second Dole test, especially Kemp, who trampled all over Dole's cherished virtue of loyalty with his Keystone Kop endorsement of Steve Forbes earlier this year (Kemp couldn't even manage to stay loyal to Forbes). A long-shot favorite of conservative insiders, California Attorney General Dan Lungren, probably fails the instant-credibility test (see sidebar, next page, for more conservative possibilities). Dole's running-mate is likely to have a strong flavor of Dole, meaning the odds are he will reinforce the ticket's ideological timidity and grey personality rather than dispel it.

The Governors: Early vice-presidential speculation centered on governors, especially the gaggle of popular GOP governors in the Midwest. Now second-year Pennsylvania Gov. Tom Ridge has become the hot prospect. From a working-class background, he attended Harvard on a scholarship and served with distinction in Vietnam. He's young (50), attractive, Catholic, and from a populous state; he proved—first as a congressman in the Democratic 21st District, then in his 1994 gubernatorial election—that he has cross-over appeal for conservative Democrats. His most glaring drawback is on abortion. Ridge is one of the Republican governors who oppose the GOP platform's pro-life plank. While he now supports Pennsylvania's Abortion Control Act, in 1993 he flirted with the Freedom of Choice Act, which would have barred Pennsylvania's package of restrictions. His nomination as the GOP gubernatorial candidate in 1994 prompted a run by a third-party pro-life candidate, who took a respectable 13 per cent of the vote.

As a congressman, Ridge was a regular moderate defector, part of the Northeastern tail that wagged the dog of the Republican conference. He was as likely to vote against Reagan and Bush as for them. As governor, he has leaned more to the right, making crime a top priority (he has signed death warrants the way a movie star signs autographs) and cutting business taxes. He undertook a major push last year to pass a far-reaching school-choice plan, which was defeated in the legislature twice (even though Ridge broke a campaign promise and signed a hefty legislative pay raise, a move widely interpreted as a way to help smooth the plan's passage). In his short tenure as governor Ridge has yet to leave much of an impression on the state's voters; his approval rating had slipped from the mid 60s last September to the mid 40s this April.

The governor Ridge supplanted in the Veepstakes is Michigan's John Engler. The 47-year-old solidly pro-life Catholic recently said his moment had passed for vice-presidential consideration. His failure to pass a military physical for Vietnam or to quickly explain the circumstances has hurt. But leaving aside the draft problem—and the dumpy Engler's glaring charisma gap—the Michigan governor is a formidable political figure: he has been a moving force behind the GOP's remarkable rise in his industrial, union-intensive state; he eliminated a $1.8-billion budget

Kemp trampled all over Dole's cherished virtue of loyalty with his endorsement of Steve Forbes

Mr. Lowry is NR*'s national political reporter.*

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shortfall entirely with spending cuts his first year in office; he has been at the forefront of welfare reform (even if his successes have been oversold); and he has cut taxes repeatedly in the course of creating a business climate that has the state's unemployment rate lower than the national average for the first time in 16 years.

If Engler deserves another look, the Midwestern governor who doesn't is Ohio's George Voinovich, another pro-life Catholic from a large state. After taking office in 1992 Voinovich raised taxes by nearly $1 billion over two years. When, two years ago, voters repealed the 1992 tax on soda by initiative, he immediately suggested it might be best to re-impose it. He expressed dismay that Dole would seek to repeal Clinton's gas tax and recently opposed an effort to give some of Ohio's ballooning $1-billion budget surplus back to taxpayers until forced to by the legislature. While Voinovich nurtures an image of personal frugality, he has yet to extend his fiscal discipline to state government; spending is increasing at a clip roughly twice the rate of inflation. Choosing Voinovich would make sense only if Dole's idea of balancing the ticket is a VP whose instincts on taxes and spending are even worse than his own.

The Senators: Bob Dole's political nest, the U.S. Senate, is a likely breeding ground for Dole-amenable politicians. A leading contender is Arizona's pro-life and generally conservative John McCain. He would be Dole's Al Gore, a VP pick who would reinforce the nominee's strengths—war hero, foreign-policy experience, a sense of "adultness." But McCain's personal strengths are related to his weaknesses, as his perseverance often shades into stubbornness. Dealing with him was a constant frustration for the Gramm campaign, which had to pull him from the campaign trail at least twice (he broke with Gramm on Bosnia and recognition of Vietnam). McCain's advocacy of campaign-finance reform earlier this year was a classic demonstration of bull-headedness in the service of wrong-headedness, as he forced fellow Republicans to take up his baldly unconstitutional bill. To avoid having to stroke prickly personalities like McCain is one of the reasons Dole left the Senate for the campaign trail.

Besides McCain, the Senate offers a variety of other middling-to-long-shot picks:

—Connie Mack, the second-term senator from Florida, is a darling of supply-siders and acceptable to social conservatives. Tall, Catholic, easy-going, he is one of the emerging conservatives best prepared for prime time. Problems: Democratic Gov. Lawton Chiles would appoint a replacement, and Mack is not particularly close to Dole.

—Missouri's John Ashcroft, a former governor, has emerged as one of the more activist freshman senators, with a series of substantive and imaginative welfare and tax reform proposals. He's a favorite of social conservatives. But Dole—in any case unlikely to turn to a freshman—probably still smarts over a tiff with Ashcroft over term limits last year.

—Indiana Sen. Dick Lugar, who won votes only from the media during this year's presidential primaries, passes Dole's credibility test. But he didn't impress anyone else by scrambling to fill the vacuum in the race left by Arlen Specter. His campaign style, meanwhile, seems to have been borrowed from

Dole: Free to Choose?

BOB Dole's declaration that his running-mate need not be pro-life made front-page news during his recent book tour. "That may distress some people, but I am the nominee," Dole stated. And so he is. But the people most likely to be distressed should he select an abortion-rights supporter as his running-mate are delegates to the San Diego convention. If Dole doesn't choose a pro-life conservative, the convention delegates just might choose one for him.

The delegate-selection process is now complete, and at least 23 delegations are dominated by committed social conservatives. One activist monitoring the state selections explains that most of the delegations are conservative, almost half are made up of "walk off the cliff" conservatives for whom principle takes precedence over party.

Delegate Tony Olmi of New Mexico, who heads the state's Christian Coalition, identifies his delegation as one that "hold issues higher than party" and is committed to nominating a pro-life Vice President. This is a marked change from past years. New Mexico sent a pro-choice delegation to Houston in 1992, but social conservatives have organized effectively since then, and the majority of San Diego delegates will be attending their first convention.

Owing to the strength of grassroots activists, over half the delegates elected at Massachusetts's state caucus are committed pro-lifers. In his struggle to control the delegation, Gov. William Weld has stalled the selection of committee slots for San Diego. Maureen Scola, a veteran GOP activist, explains that her fellow conservative delegates are "looking for a pro-life Vice President." She hopes delegates won't be forced to "embarrass Bob Dole" in the event his nominee is unacceptable, but declares, "Win or lose, we're standing on principle."

Newcomers determined to have a pro-life ticket also dominate Alaska's delegation, which is chaired by Art Mathias, president of the state's Christian Coalition affiliate. Although Mathias expects a "peaceful" convention because Bob Dole is "a man of conviction" who can be expected to do the right thing, he predicts that "if Dole's choice is not pro-life, the majority of this delegation will vote against his choice." Mathias estimates that 18 or 20 other state delegations would also vote against an abortion-rights supporter.

With pro-choice Republicans like Gov. Tom Ridge of Pennsylvania reportedly on the short list of potential running-mates, is it possible that the Dole campaign has failed to appreciate the singular commitment of hundreds of its delegates? "Absolutely," responds Pat McSweeney, past GOP chairman in Virginia. He thinks Dole's staff could wrongly expect that "on the last yard before the goal line, delegates will cave and accede to his wishes." Instead, McSweeney predicts that should Dole select an abortion-rights running-mate, "the convention would explode."

In general, the Dole campaign staff has been underestimating the strength

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Weekend at Bernie's; his selection would mean a ticket of Dole and duller.

—Some insiders call Oklahoma Sen. Don Nickles Dole's adopted son. Nickles is a Catholic with something of an evangelical air. The religious and fiscal Right both love him, and so does Dole (a rare confluence). Nickles was an early Dole backer in 1988 and Dole hoped he would be his replacement as Senate Majority Leader. He is a plausible dark horse.

The Establishment: Another pool of talent comes from the Washington GOP establishment, the former Administration officials and office-holders who make it their business to be 10s. Topping the list is Colin Powell, although he has ruled himself out so many times even the Dole camp seems to be giving up hope. Powell has the odd distinction of being the favorite GOP candidate of both Dole and U.S. Taxpayer Party founder Howard Phillips, who calculates a Powell pick would push into his arms a plausible third-party candidate like Pat Buchanan. At the very least Powell's selection would ensure a messy, politically damaging GOP convention.

The most attractive of the establishment contenders is Dick Cheney, who tends to be discounted because of his 1988 heart surgery (some joke that Cheney must be the favorite candidate of Speaker Newt Gingrich, third in the line of presidential succession). But Cheney had no health problems as defense secretary. He has credibility with the national media and with conservatives (who also love his wife, Lynne, former head of the National Endowment for the Humanities). His personality is reassuring, if sometimes Lugarishly dull. His brief exploratory run for the Presidency last year was notable only for its lack of ideas or energy. His tenure as defense secretary was in character too; post–Cold War defense policy on his watch was safe and reasoned, if unimaginative. Cheney's inclinations are those of a conservative who also once was President Ford's chief of staff.

A more dynamic establishment possibility is Carroll Campbell, the former two-term governor of South Carolina. Dole owes Campbell for his South Carolina primary victory. Campbell left office with an approval rating in the 70s, after pursuing a Lamar Alexander–like agenda of economic development (spurred by a variety of tax incentives) and government reform; the size of government, meanwhile, went untouched. Campbell has the vivacity of a New South politician, but also the vague sense of untrustworthiness of one. He has strained relations with the South Carolina Christian Right, which correctly senses he is not one of them and also bridles under a variety of slights—perceived or real—from Campbell's years of brokering its rise to power in the party. (The pro-life Campbell was almost denied a slot as a convention delegate this year.) His current million-dollar-a-year job would disqualify him as a running-mate for some candidates, but probably not Dole, who if he were offended by Washington operators would have to jettison most of his entourage.

The ultimate in operators is James Baker. The former Secretary of State has no constituency—except the national media. "Baker makes it onto short lists because he's a master at leaking," observes *Human Events* editor John Gizzi. Reaganites hate him for his self-serving stroking of the media and the way he manipulated his way through staff infighting. His only ideology is power.

and commitment of social conservatives in electing delegates to San Diego. In Washington state, pro-family activists offered to share a unity slate with the local Dole organization, but negotiations broke down when the national campaign demanded that key delegate slots go to their hand-picked candidates. The campaign was certain its candidates would then be elected at the state convention. Instead, the alternative social-conservative slate won overwhelmingly. David Welch, chairman of Washington's delegation (and executive director of the Christian Coalition affiliate), explains that polls taken by the Dole campaign indicated strong support for the candidate, but "no pulse was taken on the issues," so the campaign failed to understand that the state delegates were firmly pro-life.

What will the Washington delegation be committed to achieving in San Diego? "In addition to the pro-life issue, we're tired of big-government Republicans," asserts Welch. He is convinced that the VP selection is more important than the platform because "we don't need to be grooming another George Bush who will get in office and start waffling around." He echoes the opinion of other conservative delegates who work closely with the Republican grassroots. "People are looking for reasons to get enthusiastic about Bob Dole. To win this race he doesn't need a moderate, he needs to nail down suspicious conservatives."

A number of potential vice-presidential candidates could provide the hammer. Conservative delegates believe that John Engler, Tommy Thompson, and Dick Cheney would all be well received. Delegates mention John Kasich as someone who would energize the GOP base. Two other attractive young conservatives, less frequently mentioned, would also be popular picks.

Rep. Chris Cox (Calif.) is a cerebral movement conservative who combines an adult's grasp of foreign and domestic issues with youthful energy. A Harvard-educated Catholic, Cox ably articulates the GOP agenda and would help to make the Dole campaign competitive in California. So too would the state's Attorney General, Dan Lungren, who won his second term by over a million votes. Three generations of Lungrens have attended the University of Notre Dame, and if his nomination mobilized just the Fighting Irish and their families and friends, the ticket could score a touchdown among Catholic voters.

Dole's comfort-level test could be met by two senate colleagues—one still serving, one retired. Grassroots activists regard Don Nickles as one of the Senate's most principled conservatives, who can be counted on to fight even thankless battles on their behalf. Ex-Sen. Bill Armstrong of Colorado is now a Washington outsider who enjoys the strong support of both social and fiscal conservatives. Armstrong is a terrific campaigner, and earned Dole's respect when they served together on the Finance Committee.

Some conservatives note the Dole campaign's expressed willingness to consider non-politicians for the Veep nod and wistfully discuss the Scalia scenario, in which Justice Antonin Scalia resigns from the Court and employs his powerful rhetorical skills at Dole's side. His promoters gleefully contemplate a Scalia–Gore debate and see Vice President Scalia handpicking his successor on the Court. Far-fetched? Yes, but the conservative delegates in San Diego are more likely to nominate Antonin Scalia than Colin Powell, Tom Ridge, or Christine Whitman. —KATE O'BEIRNE

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He claims to be pro-life, but on *Meet the Press* in 1994 he equivocated: "even though I ran on a right-to-life-amendment platform [in Texas] I find it a little difficult to understand, as a conservative, the government taking that kind of an activist approach in personal lives." Editorial boards would swoon over a Baker pick, but Dole surely has observed Baker enough to know loyalty isn't in his vocabulary. If Dole selected Baker and his poll numbers continued to sag, by mid September Baker would quietly be telling reporters it really wasn't his decision to join the ticket.

The Dole campaign is keeping vice-presidential deliberations close to its chest, with long-time Dole friend Bob Ellsworth handling the selection process. There are a range of dark horses who could still emerge: Wisconsin Gov. Tommy Thompson, yet another pro-life, Catholic, Midwestern governor; the young and energetic deficit hawk, House Budget Committee Chairman John Kasich; Dole Republican par excellence Donald Rumsfeld, the former Illinois congressman tapped by the Dole campaign to handle policy. But chances are Dole won't stray too far afield. When Ellsworth floated Democratic Sen. Sam Nunn, it was an "outside-the-box" name that was as inside-the-box as you can get: a Senate insider, a mushy moderate, a political bore. Dole's talk of picking a pro-choicer, meanwhile, is probably meant only to establish his independence for the media (see below for more on Christine Todd Whitman et al.). The first dictum of vice-presidential selection, they say, is, Do no harm. Dole is likely to follow it in his own way, and pick someone who will do no harm he isn't already capable of himself. □

A Good Woman Is Hard to Find

NOMINATING a woman for the Vice Presidency would, in the abstract, be very appealing to the Dole campaign. But the particular Republican women who are available all have significant drawbacks in terms of inexperience or views out of sync with the party base. Certainly none of them qualifies as a 10. In the worst case, picking a woman because of her sex would win few votes, while possibly creating a Betsy McCaughey Ross problem for Bob Dole. Mrs. Ross was untested but was chosen as New York's lieutenant governor because—well, let's let State GOP Chairman Bill Powers explain: "We wanted a skirt; that's all she ever was to me." Now she's a loose cannon, a media spectacle, and a migraine for Gov. George Pataki.

New Jersey Gov. Christine Todd Whitman is the worst case. True, she's quite popular among suburbanites in her state; and she would bring to the ticket a political adroitness that it so far lacks. But her selection would be taken by social conservatives as a declaration of war. Mrs. Whitman doesn't just favor abortion rights; she goes out of her way to offend pro-lifers, declaring the anniversary of *Roe* v. *Wade* the state's "Day of Choice" and supporting President Clinton's veto of the ban on partial-birth abortions.

Her popularity among Republicans largely derives from her upset victory over Jim Florio: she promised a 30 per cent cut in income-tax rates, won with it, and kept her promise. That achievement, while substantial, needs to be put in perspective. Income taxes are only 30 per cent of the state's revenue stream. The rest of the governor's record—from school vouchers to regulatory reform to spending—is mediocre; she hasn't shown sufficient stomach for controversy. Nor has she shown any zeal for party building. Dole is probably not upset that Mrs. Whitman has ruled herself out of the VP running "absolutely" and "unequivocally."

Texas Sen. Kay Bailey Hutchison, also the subject of occasional vice-presidential speculation, is that rarity among elected officials: one who's more conservative than her reputation. She's a reliable vote for the free market. And while she's pro-abortion-rights, she's willing to work with social conservatives. She voted for the partial-birth-abortion ban and against the sweeping Freedom of Choice Act. On the other hand, some Republicans were aghast that she would join Sen. Carol Moseley-Braun (D., Ill.) in extending certain racial-preference programs to women. Sen. Hutchison also led the Tailhook-related hounding of Commander Robert Stumpf. Anita Blair, vice president of the Independent Women's Forum, says, "I have not heard a lucid explanation" of "what position she thinks she's taking." Other complaints about her transcend ideology: her legislative interests have been parochial, and she's considered somewhat dopey (ranking second among senators on this score, according to a *Washingtonian* survey of Hill staffers).

Her Senate colleague Olympia Snowe (Me.) is much more liberal on both economic and social issues. Sen. Snowe voted against the ban on partial-birth abortions. She recently charged that it was sexist for conservative Rep. Sam Brownback (R., Kan.) to challenge moderate Sheila Frahm in a primary for Dole's old Senate seat. This is, to say the least, probably not an outlook that recommends itself to most Republicans.

Sophomore Rep. Jennifer Dunn (R., Wash.) is well regarded in the party as a savvy team player, but her pro-abortion-rights stance and lack of prominence are probably fatal. Dole seeks Jeane Kirkpatrick's foreign-policy advice, but she'd be more likely to head his National Security Council than to run for elective office. Former U.S. Trade Representative Carla Hills is an effective spokesman who served in two Administrations and negotiated NAFTA. She would be a tough debater against Al Gore, but she too is not an elective politician. Elizabeth Dole is charismatic, telegenic, and liked by rank-and-file social conservatives (though their leaders are skeptical). It's hard to see who would meet the presidential nominee's "comfort level" better than Mrs. Dole.

Since none of these women is likely to make it onto the ticket, and as long as we're daydreaming, how about: Ellen Sauerbrey? Linda Chavez? Mary Ann Glendon? Kate O'Beirne? If Dole is willing to throw caution to the winds and to pick someone really unconventional, he should look at a woman who's a social conservative, a Californian, and not a career politician: radio psychologist Dr. Laura Schlesinger.

—RAMESH PONNURU

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ON THE SCENE

Lamm to the Slaughter?

ROSEMARY JENKS

Alan J. Nahigian

WASHINGTON, D.C.

GOVERNOR Gloom to President Pessimist? Former Colorado Gov. Richard A. Lamm (Democrat, 1974–1987) earned the first nickname because his wariness about development took the unusual turn of worrying about the long-term viability—environmental, economic, social—of America itself. Now he has a chance to earn the second nickname too. Last week at the University of Denver, where he lectures, he announced that he would seek the presidential nomination of Ross Perot's Reform Party. And, subject to Mr. Perot's formidable whim, he will probably get it.

Lamm, 60, is a more significant figure than the national media recognize. He was, in the words of Jean Otto, former editorial-page editor of the *Rocky Mountain News*, "easily Colorado's most popular governor," re-elected for a record three times (despite some controversy over personal financial dealings), and narrowly defeated for the Democratic senatorial nomination in 1992 by another moderate, Ben Nighthorse Campbell, now a Republican convert.

More generally, Lamm, a Unitarian, is the product of one of the most influential strains in American politics: Northern Protestant reformers. This group, liberal or conservative depending on the historical circumstances, created the Republican Party, born like Lamm in Wisconsin. Their high-minded view of life and politics drove the anti-slavery crusade and, later, Prohibition. In the 1960s and 1970s, a similar moralistic reaction to the civil-rights struggle, the environment, Vietnam, and Watergate impelled many of this group into the Democratic Party.

But their austere sense of probity is quite different from the self-hating "ideology of Western suicide" that James Burnham diagnosed as the essence of modern liberalism. They have never been comfortable in the often-corrupt and freewheeling atmosphere of a Democratic Party beholden to labor unions, ethnic lobbies, and Good Ol' Boy Southern pols. That probity may now be shifting them out of the Democratic Party and focusing their minds on a new cause: what Lamm calls "intergenerational equity"—the idea that today's Americans have a responsibility to protect the interests of future generations. If so, Lamm's third-party bid may possibly foreshadow a seismic political shift like certain third-party bids in the past.

All of which fits just fine with the Reform Party. After all, a central claim of Perot's followers is that neither mainstream party can free itself from special interests long enough to respond to the public interest. As Mark Sturdevant, vice chairman of the Reform Party of California, put it, "Clinton and Dole have avoided almost every issue that is significant to the future of this country."

You got a problem with that?

Hence, Lamm's platform is made up of what he calls "orphan issues," ones with few champions among either Democrats or Republicans. Among them:

—*Fiscal responsibility.* A balanced budget is the centerpiece of Lamm's platform. As a certified public accountant he points to the long-term spiral of federal debt as tax revenues cannot keep pace with rising health-care, Social Security, and welfare outlays.

—*Campaign-finance reform.* Lamm claims "there's a 'for sale' sign on much of American politics," and without major reform, politicians will be unable to break the grip of special interests.

—*Immigration reform.* Lamm supports stopping illegal immigration to the extent feasible—an easy political stand. Unlike the majority of politicians, though, Lamm also supports reducing *legal* immigration "by at least a half," but preferably to the "traditional level of immigration between 1776 and 1965," or less than 300,000 per year.

He argues that the sheer numbers of legal and illegal immigrants—at least a million each year—compound America's inability to ensure adequate education, health care, infrastructure, and job opportunities for all Americans. In testimony before the House Immigration Subcommittee in 1990, he outlined the mistaken priorities imposed by this mass immigration: "America's growing, disenfranchised underclass is not simply going to disappear because we import foreign workers instead of training and retraining our own. . . . should a nation in which one-quarter of its youngsters fails to graduate from high school, in which nearly half of the minority students in some cities drop out of school, and in which 20 per cent of the population is functionally illiterate, be thinking about new burdens it can place on its education system [by increasing legal immigration]? . . . While I was closing well-baby clinics [because of funding shortages] in one part of [Colorado],

'Clinton and Dole have avoided almost every issue that is significant to the future of this country'

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Denver General Hospital . . . was amassing millions of dollars in uncollectable bills for health services rendered to illegal aliens."

Here's the beef. Both fiscal responsibility and campaign-finance reform are standard issues of centrist reformers. But immigration is the true orphan issue of American politics, disowned by the pols, shunned by the media, but embraced by the voters whenever it is put up for adoption. Lamm's adoption of it therefore marks him out a more formidable challenger than other potential third-party standard-bearers (most of whom, including Perot, won't risk media disapproval over it). And at the same time, because Lamm is a free-trader, he changes the political significance of immigration. It ceases to be an item in an isolationist package and becomes a reform to restore America's social fabric and, in particular, to revive economic prospects for low-paid native-born Americans.

More controversially, it arguably gives the immigration issue a pro-abortion, population-control cast. But Lamm himself argues that lower immigration would deliver all the population control we need, since the native American birth-rate has settled down to replacement level.

Still, Lamm faces huge obstacles: Perot has yet to announce if he will run himself (Mervin Field places the odds at 9 to 1 that he will), and Lamm won't run if Perot does. Financing for the campaign is questionable, since the Federal Election Commission has not decided whether Perot's matching money could be used for a candidate other than Perot. And, of course, Lamm is largely unknown at the national level.

And it's not entirely clear where his support would come from. Lamm is firmly pro-choice, so he won't attract single-issue pro-life voters; nor will he attract supply-siders, because of his preference for deficit reduction over tax cuts, or tax-and-spend fiscal liberals, because of his willingness to limit entitlements. That leaves those who are mainly concerned with the cultural fragmentation of America, those who claim to be frustrated with "politics as usual," and that 37 per cent of the electorate who are independents—clearly in itself a large enough chunk of voters to affect the race.

But how? American University scholar Allan Lichtman points out that "historically, third-party candidates are bad for incumbents." Some observers add that simply because Lamm is a Democrat, he would draw more votes from Clinton. But there are two major caveats to that: first, Lamm is considering picking a Republican running-mate to balance the ticket; and, second, Lamm's platform is largely conservative except—a big except—on abortion. And it has to be said that Clinton's camp seems less worried about Lamm than Dole's.

Lamm may not have much chance of winning; but if he can get 5 to 10 per cent he could have a dramatic impact on the race, particularly in states like California. Lamm himself says he sees this as an opportunity to raise the level of the debate, force the candidates to deal with issues they would otherwise ignore, and lay the groundwork for a major political realignment—"at a minimum." □

Yeltsin: Modified Victory

DAVID SATTER

Roman Genn

MOSCOW

THE just-concluded Russian elections are a landmark. Although the incumbent was re-elected, the fact that a presidential election took place, that there was little apparent cheating, and that the opposition is abiding by the result marks the tentative beginning in Russia of a new political era.

The elections must also be read as an endorsement of Russia's reforms, however painful and mismanaged they have been. Whatever else one can say about them, the elections did present the Russian people with a clear choice, not between corruption and honesty or between chauvinism and moderation but between a continuation of the transition to a free market and the reinstitution of elements of central control. Faced with the question of whether to continue the reforms, the majority of Russian voters said, "Yes."

Despite these hopeful signs, however, and the new life that they have given to the reform process, there is little certainty about what awaits Russia in the months ahead. The country lives under the shadow of a potential crisis whose seeds were sown in the election campaign itself.

In mid February, when Yeltsin in Yekaterinburg announced that he would run for re-election, his approval rating stood at 8 per cent, and it was hard to imagine how he could gain a second term. In the end, he did so in two ways. He engaged in vigorous and effective campaigning, persuading millions to give him a second chance with a show of sincerity and simplicity which contrasted effectively with the leaden campaigning style of his Communist opponent. He also, however, drained the state's coffers to pay back wages, co-opted the protest candidacy of retired general Aleksandr Lebed, and exerted control over the Russian media with the help of political pressure and generous bribes. It is these latter measures which now threaten to provoke a crisis capable of undermining what, on balance, was a triumph of Russian democracy.

The central reality of Russian life is the country's continuing economic crisis. The Yeltsin government predicted that 1996 would be the first year of real growth in production after a fall of 4 per cent in 1995, but instead production has continued to decline. At the same time, the government's tight-money policies had the effect of exacerbating the exist-

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ing nonpayment crisis as enterprises, squeezed by a lack of liquidity, held up salaries for months.

In an effort to appease angry Russian voters, Yeltsin, in less than six months, increased spending commitments by an incredible $11 billion (2.5 to 3.0 per cent of GDP). He ordered the government and state-controlled enterprises, many of which had not paid salaries for months, to clear all wage and pension arrears. The government began to overlook nonpayment of taxes so that enterprises could pay salaries. Yeltsin also ordered massive payments to striking mine workers and allocations to the mining industry, the energy complex, the agricultural sector, and the military–industrial complex.

While the settling of wage arrears undoubtedly won Yeltsin votes, it created a situation in which the second Yeltsin administration will start out with nothing left in the coffers with which to pay wages when the demand for timely payments resurfaces.

With Yeltsin's victory in hand, the government has cut back on the sale of short-term bonds, which were offered at extravagant interest rates to finance Yeltsin's largesse. It has already begun to demand that enterprises again start paying their taxes. Neither of these measures, however, is likely to enable the government to meet its obligations without sharp cuts in spending.

Another important factor in Yeltsin's victory was his success in co-opting General Lebed. In the first round of the voting, Lebed campaigned on what was effectively an anti-Yeltsin platform, denouncing Russia's corruption and rampant criminality and promising to bring the country "order and truth." In the last weeks of the campaign, however, he began to receive nearly untrammeled access to the state-controlled mass media, and this appears to have contributed to his surprisingly strong third-place finish. Lebed then startled many by accepting the post of head of the National Security Council. He also began making broad pronouncements not just on security matters but also on economic and cultural policies, while at the same time promoting himself as a suitable vice president once such a post was created, and as a probable successor to Yeltsin.

Lebed's new position appeared to be what persuaded a majority of those who voted for him in the first round to cast their votes for Yeltsin in the run-off. No sooner was the election over, however, than Yeltsin reappointed Viktor Chernomyrdin as prime minister. Chernomyrdin had been the implicit target of Lebed's campaign against government corruption, and Chernomyrdin quickly made it clear that he had no use for Lebed. He stated that there was no need to create a post of vice president and added that he had no intention of sharing his powers with anyone.

A final factor in Yeltsin's victory was his control over the mass media. Especially during the final weeks of the campaign, the media gave saturation coverage to every move that Yeltsin made, while reporting on Zyuganov's activities negatively or not at all. News analysts on the state-run television stations and on NTV, the independent television network, abandoned any pretense of objectivity, and reporters in both the electronic and the print media accepted generous bribes for anti-Communist articles and phony "scoops" about the Communists' plans that were prepared for them by the president's own staff.

There was also virtually no coverage of Yeltsin's health problems in the last days of the campaign, and so millions of Russians went to the polls unaware that they might be voting for a living corpse.

The net result of the elements of manipulation in Yeltsin's victory is that free-market reforms will now continue but they will rest on a very shaky foundation. Yeltsin was victorious, in part, because he persuaded Russian voters that he offered them a path to a better future, whereas a vote for Zyuganov was a vote to return to the past. In the largest sense, his victory was a triumph for democracy.

Yeltsin's victory will not be secure if Russians begin to believe they were victims of deception

His victory will not be secure, however, if Russians begin to believe that they were victims of a well-financed deception. In that case, the renewed hardship of fiscal discipline and factory closings, combined with new nonpayment of salaries, could give rise to serious unrest. If, in addition, Yeltsin becomes incapacitated or dies in office, the Communists may find that, if they are capable of learning anything from their mistakes in this campaign, they'll have another shot at power after all. □

Revenge of the Nerds

ANDREW STUTTAFORD

BUFFALO

MIDSUMMER. A thousand years ago our ancestors danced around bonfires and, doubtless, slaughtered a maiden or two. These days we like to think that we have moved on. True, the Scandinavians still throw a good *midsommar*, but, even there, virgins are no longer sacrificed, at least in the conventional sense of the word. Progress, schmogress. For all our science we still live, as Carl Sagan puts it, in a demon-haunted world. Naturally, there have been changes. The nearest soothsayer is now only a 900 line away. *Of course* we no longer think that ghouls will steal our offspring—but give those creatures space ships and we will believe they are abducting children, carrying out ghastly experiments, and, for all we know, spoiling the crops. Scratch away our sophisticated veneer, and the New Age very quickly goes dark.

All is not lost, however. The epoch of Shirley MacLaine has its opponents, and one thousand of them recently gathered outside Buffalo. The occasion was the first World Skeptics Congress, a four-day-long discussion of "Science in the Age of (Mis)Information" sponsored by CSICOP—the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of the Claims of the Paranormal. CSICOP does what its name would suggest. Over the past twenty years it has encouraged the exposure of a sorry sequence of spurious spacemen, cranks, and charlatans. CSICOP's fascinating magazine, *Skeptical Inquirer*, sells around 50,000 copies

Mr. Stuttaford was a member of his school chess club.

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across the world, but none, probably, in any supermarkets. Much of the Congress covered familiar ground. Aliens, junk medicine, and psychic detectives all took their knocks. Patriots will be glad to know that this nonsense is not just an American problem. China seems obsessed by Pseudo-Qigong (don't ask), but, hey, that's a country with fifty million Communists, and they will believe anything. Perhaps the Chinese should turn to India, to the monomial Premanand, for help. Confusingly, Premanand's style was high guru (flowing white hair, beard, orange clothing) but his message was not. The fakirs are fakers, and in an entertaining talk Premanand demonstrated just how they do it.

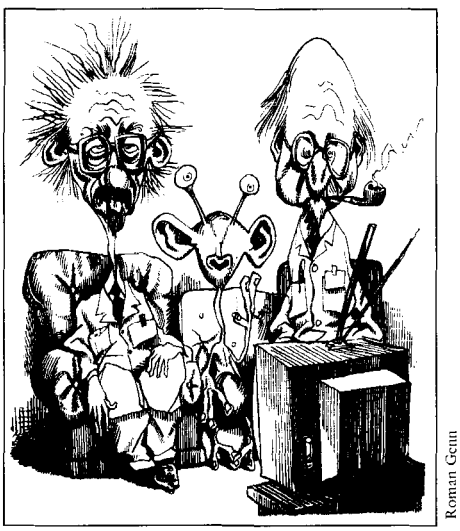
This would not have been news to Skepticism's stars, many of whom were on display. Paleontologist Stephen Jay Gould spoke, preceded by a Darwin impersonator. Magician James "the Amazing" Randi was on hand, outwardly unscarred by years of litigation with Uri Geller. In between drags on, appropriately enough in this anti-witchcraft crowd, a Salem, *Aviation Week and Space Technology's* Philip Klass was signing copies of his UFOeuvre. Full refunds ("not just the royalty") were promised in the event of a proved landing.

More surprising was the appearance of *X-Files* creator Chris Carter as a guest speaker. With his compelling stories of the occult and the alien, often filmed in a pseudo-documentary style, Mr. Carter might have expected a rough ride. He need not have worried. The Skeptics were a pushover, clever to be sure, but with more than a hint, shall we say, of the school chess club about them. They never stood a chance against the sly cool of Chris Carter, media wizard and surfer. Besides, most were fans, shocked only when their guest revealed that he had never watched an entire episode of *Star Trek*.

Anyway, *The X-Files* is fiction, nothing more. Much more serious, in the view of the Congress, was media response to paranormal "facts." The wildest claims are accepted at face value, turned into documentaries, and shown on prime time. A scientist may be asked to comment, but for about thirty seconds, most of which ends up on the cutting-room floor (this may sound familiar to conservatives). In part, this is inevitable. The paranormal is fun. An alien autopsy is great TV, rather more exciting than four chemists gathered round a Bunsen burner. "What we need," said one speaker, "is *LA Science*." He should not hold his breath.

Some knew what to blame: Commercialism, or at least its alleged surrogate on earth. Mention of the name Murdoch generated slightly forced laughter. Murdoch the bringer of joy, the destroyer of words. Scientific types, the skeptics see themselves as high-minded, spelling-bee sorts of people who still give money to NPR. TV was meant to be the great educator: McNeil, not Oprah; Kunta Kinte, not Beavis. Instead, ran the argument, commercial pressures have led to a debased medium, serving only to fuel the prejudices and superstitions of a degenerate mob.

It's a neat explanation, but it is only part of the story. Intellectually, after all, the mob has always been in poor shape. That's why it is the mob. What has changed is the attitude of the opinion-forming classes. Temple University professor John Paulos highlighted part of the problem. The Kaczynski-haired Paulos is, as the title of his most recent work suggests, *a mathematician [who] reads the newspaper*, and, as his acerbically insightful talk made clear, he is not impressed. Numbers are bandied about, he says, but with little understanding even in the media's more upmarket corners. It is not difficult to agree. All too often Right Data are replaced with numerical assertions that are left unchallenged and unanalyzed by a press too slovenly, innumerate, or biased to care.


Roman Genn

To the Skeptics, an honest bunch looking for objective, critical thought, this must be anathema. The Joe Fridays of philosophy, all they really want is the facts. Instead they find themselves in a subjective, post-modern world. In the past their fight was straightforward and pleasantly elitist, the enemies trailer-park science and bayou religion. Now the problem is among their own, within the intelligentsia and the academy. History has been abolished, to be replaced by the study of alternative myths, while science itself is suspect, a product, allegedly, of white male power.

Ironically, much of this rubbish comes from the Left, once a reliable source of support for Skeptics, particularly on religious matters. Skeptics, to say, the least, are unlikely to be great churchgoers, and there was a time when that could imply a sort of leftism. No immortality—except for the Rosenbergs. CSICOP itself has close ties to CODESH (the Council for Democratic and Secular Humanism), an interweaving visible even at the Congress's bookstall. The alien and the paranormal were on display, but so were the great thinkers (Voltaire, Darwin, Kevorkian), the *Bad News Bible*, *The Trouble with Christmas*, and, most shockingly of all, *Lessons of the Locker Room: The Myth of School Sports*. Is nothing sacred?

Not much, probably, to many of the Congressgoers. But should that imply a liberal tilt? In an era when the First Lady communes with the dead, conventional political affiliations can truly be said to be breaking down. When what one speaker described as "preposterism" rules, the rationalist can no longer rely on traditional allies. True, the Congress *felt* vaguely liberal. Naturally enough, the Religious Right took a pounding, and, at a guess, most attendees would still vote Democratic, if a little uneasily. The voice of the Old Left could still be heard in some of the speeches and in a feeble anti-Rush Limbaugh joke or two, but it was fading away, just (to take Matthew Arnold somewhat out of context) another part of liberalism's "melancholy, long, withdrawing road."

Thirty years ago the stupidities of the Sixties pushed many social scientists into neo-conservatism. Today's junk intellectuals with their crystals and their shamans, their ludicrous universities and their "politics of meaning," may do the same for the skeptical and the scientific. Rationalism can then complete its reconnection with the thought of Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson, a journey which must take it rightward, if never to Ralph Reed. This should be welcomed. Skeptics may be an ornery lot, but their search for that objective truth is somehow very American. Indeed, it is as American as the apple pie that Eve never baked. □

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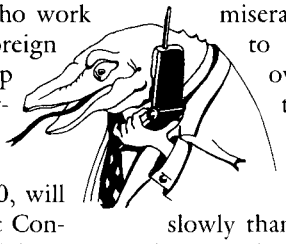
GEKKO

THE bond market has turned into a real money machine. A machine for losing money, that is. As we've pointed out before, the only real buyers are speculators who work with borrowed money and foreign central banks anxious to mop up their countries' trade surpluses. The next Federal Reserve Open Market Committee meeting, on August 20, will be just before the Democratic Convention. Fortunately, none of the members are swayed by political considerations. At least two Democratic senators probably have preprinted speeches to give in the event of an increase in the Fed Funds rate.

There is probably one way to profit from the likely direction of rates—a so-called flattening trade. That means simultaneously short-selling the Treasury's two-year note and buying the 30-year bond. The difference in interest rates between the two issues will probably narrow, which is how you'll make your profit. A flattening curve almost invariably precedes a recession, by the way.

■ We were kept out of a slowdown in the second quarter thanks to a handful of one-shot stimuli. Nancy Lazar, a partner with ISI, a very good Wall Street money-market economics group, calls them the "Three Rs. Those are the cash from mortgage refinancings, auto-company rebates, and tax refunds." Now the economy will have to face the consequences of this borrowing of growth from the future. Already, cyclical stocks and commodities prices are falling, which suggests weaker demand from now on. And consumer-debt delinquencies are rising, which means the debt capacity that fueled the unexpected rise in consumer spending is running out.

■ While the investigators are poking through the crash sites of some of this year's hype stocks such as Iomega and Presstek, there are still some overlooked sectors. One of my favorites is tanker shipping. The last time you could get a really good freight rate for a tanker fleet was during the Gulf War. Since then, it has been a miserable business. The only way to get attention as a tanker owner was to have your picture paired with one of an oil-covered pelican.



Demand for tankers has grown, though more slowly than it might have because of the growth of oil production in areas such as the North Sea, the Caribbean, and West Africa that are relatively close to consumers. But what really drives the value of ships is how many are being built compared to how many are being scrapped, and here is where you find the good news for the tanker business. Very few people have been building tankers, and the fleet has been gradually shrinking as the huge stock of tankers built in the early Seventies is gradually scrapped.

This is already having an effect on the market, though one perceived more by oil-company shipping managers than by investors. Back in March, for example, very large crude carriers, or VLCCs, were being chartered for around $12,000 a day. Now they go for around $30,000 to $35,000 a day. Suezmax tankers, which are the largest tankers that can get through the Suez Canal (or into most U.S. ports), were around $17,000 a day at the beginning of the year and are now in the mid twenties.

This hasn't led to a building boom for tankers, since the shipowners and their banks are still in a depressed state. According to Jim Winchester, a very sharp shipping analyst with Lazard Frères, "In the aggregate, tankers under construction come to only about 6 per cent of the total capacity of the world fleet. Demand may be increasing by only 1 to 2 per cent a year, but the supply is declining by another couple of percentage points. The story in this business is always on the supply side."

In the past, shipyards in aggressively industrializing places such as Korea would go for market share with blue-light specials and easy financing. But even the Koreans are feeling the pinch. They aren't expanding their yard capacity, and shipbuilders such as Samsung are trying to make up losses in their semiconductor lines, which means they won't be giving would-be shipowners the breaks they did in the past.

Check out such companies as Teekay of Vancouver, which specializes in Aframax tankers, or Scandinavian operators such as Bona or First Ollsen. Most don't trade on U.S. exchanges, so transaction costs will be high. You don't make money that often in shipping, but when you do, you can make a lot.

■ Among the casualties of the sharp rise in feed-grain prices have been the buyers and makers of ice cream. In March you could buy butterfat, the essential ingredient for those nice, thick, smooth, rich premium ice creams, for 72 cents a pound. Now it's up to over $1.40 a pound. Sound better than your stock portfolio? In case you're interested, butterfat trades just one day a week in Chicago, but the best advice is to have nothing to do with such a thin market dominated by professionals who will find ways to take your money.

Dairy prices have responded to the grain price increase. It has taken a while, but the dairy farmers have culled their herds and fed their cows slightly leaner feed mixes.

The ice-cream price rise will be only one of the ways the continued rise in grain prices will be passed through to the consumer. Look on the recent weaknesses in grains as temporary pauses in a trend that will keep on rising through next spring.

—JOHN DIZARD

"I hire only married people. They're less likely to leave work early to go home."

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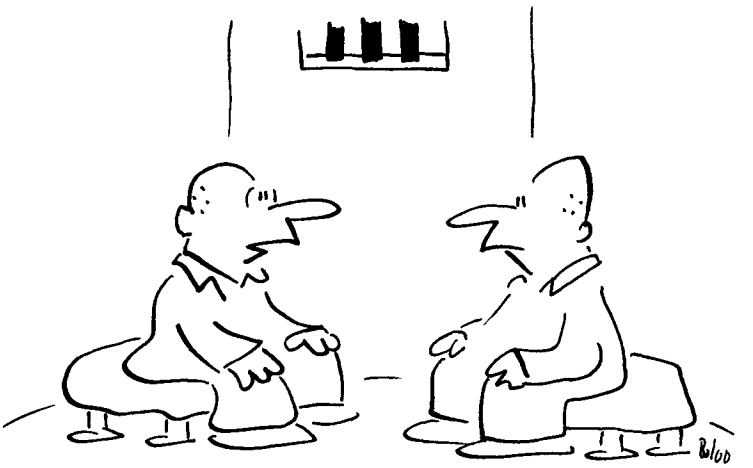
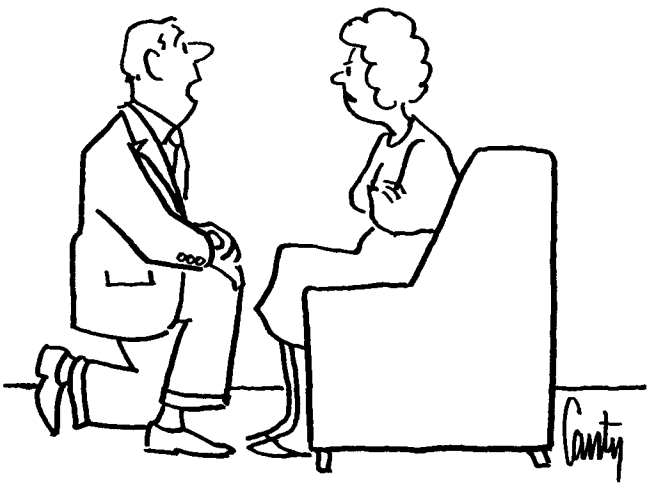
helo



"It was the perfect crime, until I deducted my burglar tools as a business expense."



"Gee, Helen, I'm proposing marriage, I'm not hitting on you."

© Mal Ent., Inc.

Biting the Hand

Joe Kennedy, Grandfather of
The Kennedy about to shove
Hard-liquor ads from TV, must
Be rolling over in disgust
As Joseph (as his namesake's known)
Grabs any lectern to intone
Blue-stocking sermonettes that pan
What Gramps sold from the boats he ran.

—W. H. VON DREELE

"For your first effort you should write about something you understand. Don't try to write about yourself."

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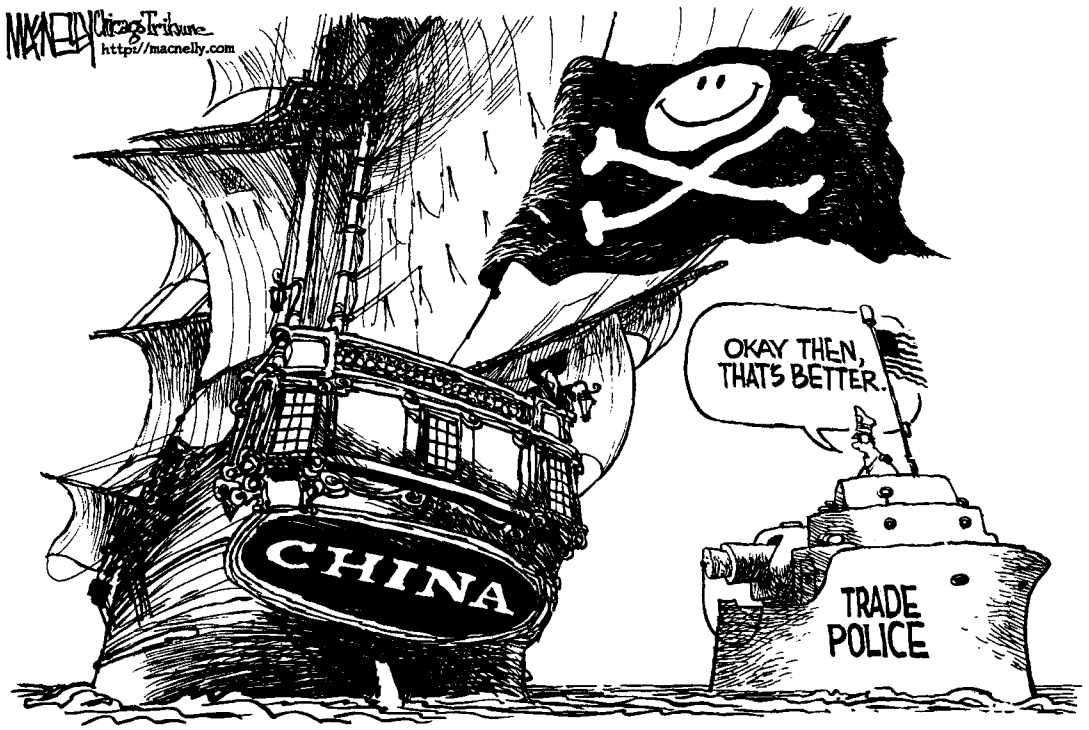

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What's the Big Idea?

As Europeans confront the spectacular failure of socialism, they are frantically searching for a new ideology that can save them from capitalism.

ANTHONY DE JASAY

WHERE the dream palaces of socialist ideology used to stand, with their halls of mirrors, banqueting rooms, and workers' dormitories, there are now great big sad-looking holes. They are partly filled with the twisted beams, rubble, and debris of the old edifices, left by the wrecker's ball. This pitiful clutter will almost certainly prove quite hard to break down any finer. The remaining void, from the interstices of the debris upward, is now being filled up.

The filler is a gooey, viscous conglomerate of disparate elements. One day it may harden into a homogeneous-looking cement and earn a name of its own. Early attempts to hasten this process, and to give the filler intellectual respectability—by calling it, variously, the Third Way, the post-socialist, post-modern, or post-industrial model, the caring, communitarian order, or the forum over the market—seem premature. For the time being no synthesis has taken place. The bits and pieces are still clearly distinguishable and sometimes even mutually contradictory. This makes them fascinating, though not necessarily enjoyable, to watch.

Of all places, the filler conglomerate is richest in Europe, and nowhere so much as in France. There the breaking up of socialist doctrine wreaked much greater devastation than in the social-science departments of America's colleges, if only because its past role had been so much more vital. America basically accepts capitalism, not least because it considers it quintessentially American. It is not the principle that it questions, only the practice. France basically rejects capitalism, especially in principle, the more so as it considers it quintessentially "Anglo-Saxon." But how exactly do you do the rejecting when you can no longer get reasoned support and spiritual nourishment from socialism?

The French alternative insists that it has no hangups about ownership of the "means of production," chiefly because it seeks to reduce its relevance to the vanishing point. In sharp contrast to personal patrimony—the house, the savings account, the share in uncle's farm and aunt's corner shop or sidewalk café, which both Left and Right hold sacrosanct—capital is despised on all sides. It is tolerated, however, because more than anywhere else, capital in France is repentant, tame, subservient to the bureaucracy of the state, conciliatory toward labor. A higher profile would not fit what the French like to regard as their specific system, a model of society no one else possesses, or at least not to the same extent. The model has three principal features: it is technocratic, medieval, and authoritarian.

Technocracy, of course, goes with the grain of the French tradition of the supremacy of the engineer over the merchant, the accredited expert over the practical man of affairs. Replacing such socialist criteria as class interest or historical necessity, the French technocrat believes that he is guided by the rules of reason; he manages affairs, deploys resources, and pursues the public interest where in other countries business leaders pursue profit. He believes in efficiency in an engineering but not in the economic sense, approves when more and better is achieved with the same outlay but protests sharply against achieving the same with less. Much of the French opposition to privatization is technocratic, inspired by the fear that mere considerations of cost will be allowed to thwart technical prowess, and that service will be reduced to match expense to revenue. France has probably the best railway system in the world, which runs up what may be the highest operating deficit—and this combination is more acceptable in France than it would be anywhere else. Everybody can see the nice trains, but nobody really "sees" the deficit, which is in any case only an accounting fiction, immaterial as long as it is public, "owed to ourselves."

Mr. de Jasay is a political theorist living in France, and the author of The State *(Blackwell's, 1985) and* Social Contract, Free Ride *(Oxford, 1989).*

ILLUSTRATION BY BONNIE T. GARDNER

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Salvaged from the ruins of socialist thought, the idea that man and society must assert their mastery over the "blind forces of the market" remains central to this "new model." That the bulk of the educated classes is at one with the Left in holding this is not surprising; what is more striking is the strength of this type of discourse on the Right. Far-right intellectuals around the Club d'Horloge, politicians of the stamp of Philippe de Villiers, but also those in the mainstream center-Right such as Philippe Séguin and, when he lets himself go, President Chirac, really think that capital should thank its lucky stars that it is allowed to earn a profit.

JUST as the disdain for profit as the purpose of enterprise is a cross-party phenomenon in France, so is the medieval notion of the just price, the just reward, and the *right* of everyone to make the same living from doing the same thing tomorrow that he did yesterday and the day before that. Change imposed by market forces is a violation of this right, which would be condoned by the "savage liberalism" of Anglo-American laissez-faire, but is resisted and reversed by French post-socialism. That the attempted remedies against change are worse than the disease, and result in a vicious circle of self-aggravating unemployment, is almost beside the point, and is widely ignored. The important thing is to recognize the right once it has been acquired by whatever means, and to go on with the attempt to protect it.

Since the introduction by de Gaulle of the present system of compulsory health insurance, the administration of the system's money flows has been entrusted to one of the Big Three labor unions, which modestly calls itself Workers' Force. This is a perk of great value in cash and patronage. Last year's short-lived attempt by the Juppé government to reform the health-insurance system and give the state some control over its runaway deficit would have allowed the Legislative Assembly to wrest the key to the till from the union bureaucracy. Helped by the CGT, the other big radical union, Workers' Force stopped all public transport—much more vital in France than in the United States—making the French trudge to work for an exceptionally cold winter month. Rubbing it in, WF's boss, Marc Blondel, kept the strike going well after the government abjectly capitulated. With uncontrolled and often vicious picketing, and with the government in the absurd role of employer elected by its employees and revokable by them, this is probably what one should have expected. What was unexpected and striking was the clear majority support Blondel and his cohorts got from their victims, the French public, held hostage by the two unions and some public-service employees in their fight to protect their perks and privileges. The latter's "acquired" rights were at stake, and true to the medieval spirit in which all have their place and all must keep it, the loss of these rights could not be condoned.

"Acquired" rights—that is, advantages of one sort or another obtained at the expense of the general public—are a new cornerstone of the ramparts of the French "model," France's defense against "speculative" bond and currency markets, Asian child labor, American trade hegemonism, and the "ruthless dictatorship" of supply and demand. During the 14 years of Mitterrand's presidency, while he sacrificed one socialist principle and one socialist leader after another to his personal aggrandizement, his single yet sufficient excuse was that he was the guardian of the people's "acquired" rights. For that, he was forgiven everything, including scandals and corruption of a sordidness and Byzantine complexity compared to which Whitewater is not even in kindergarten. The primacy of "acquired" rights fits every post-socialist attempt at rebuilding an ideology, but it fits the French version better than most: it favors producers over consumers, insiders over outsiders, and—surprising as this may be at first blush—the haves over the have-nots.

This great reservoir of rights is to post-socialism as "surplus value" used to be to socialism, for it tacitly implies a sort of cornucopia, a widow's cruse from which everyone can take what he thinks is his due, without anybody else having to go without as a result.

That the have-nots nevertheless get the short end of the stick is the great unmentionable of the new ideology. After more than two hundred separate job-creating schemes involving tax incentives and subsidies of all kinds, France's unemployment rate is over 13 per cent and rising steadily in good times and bad. This is a direct result of payroll taxes to cover sickness, old age, and unemployment insurance that may exceed 60 per cent of gross pay and that drive a thick wedge between the supply of labor and the demand for it. This the defenders of the French model will not admit. They blame chronic unemployment basically on France's—and for that matter the rest of Continental Europe's—being an island of fairness

France recognizes the right *of everyone to make the same living from doing the same thing tomorrow that he did yesterday*

in the cruel sea of Anglo-American and Asian capitalism. Any reference to vigorous job creation in these mercenary and ruthless countries, and to the stagnation of employment within Fortress Europe, is met with truculence: We have fewer jobs but our jobs are fit for human beings, whereas everyone knows that American blacks and Thai children work for next to nothing because their societies leave them without any protection. In France, all have an "acquired" right to a minimum income of $430 a month; this token of social solidarity proves the strength of the "model." Unemployment is the fault of others' following a less humane one and competing unfairly.

Why, then, not pull up the drawbridge and make Fortress France, or a French-led Fortress Europe, a fit place for operating the "model" without being undermined by American and "ultra-liberal" influences? Elsewhere in Europe, this idea appeals mostly to the political and intellectual Left. France is perhaps the only country where there is strong, albeit discreet, support for it across

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the political spectrum. Nevertheless, it does not prevail. So far, except for a brief interval in 1981–83, it has consistently been trumped by an even stronger idea: plain gut nationalism. This sounds paradoxical, and it is deeply so; it must briefly be explained.

The anti-capitalist alternative, the idea of a "new model," in the minds of the French political class is inseparable from the obsession with greatness; but France has long ceased to have the resources to be great with. Hence the support, in some of the most unexpected quarters, for a "united Europe" where overbright French administrators sail circles around their bumbling counterparts in Brussels, preventing any Atlantic tilt. Underlying it all is the core notion of the brave and brawny German draft horse, gently steered rather than driven by superior French wit and purpose toward a common goal that is reminiscent of Charlemagne's empire if not of Napoleon's "continental system." For this dream French political thought is ready to accept sacrifices, giving up the comfort of a loose currency and trade protection, as well as tempering the dirigisme that would be congenial both to French traditions and to the gropings to replace socialist doctrine with something equally unfree. However, temporarily at least, low external barriers and an open economy must prevail, for Germany will not accept anything else, and Germany must be jollied along, not browbeaten.

THE chemistry of German political thought today, despite a few affinities, is quite different from the French. In France, any sectional advantage or privilege acquired since the war is held by all sides to be a right; 55 per cent of national product is spent collectively, and nobody believes seriously that anything could or indeed should be done about this. Statism reigns supreme and resources come from the widows' cruse. Germany, too, has a statist and welfarist tradition, but it also has a very Teutonic sense of duty, work, and thrift that forbids belief in widow's cruses, and compels a bitter realization that in its onward march the welfare state can go over the brink. For the last year or so, there has been fairly wide agreement that it has reached the brink. Only the loony Left of Berlin intellectuals denies this altogether. The respectable Left and the unions are putting up a fight against any specific economy that is proposed, but this is largely a matter of routine politicking. In effect, both Left and Right know full well that the democratic welfare state has its own dynamics which, if left alone, must push it into a zone of hazard and possible self-destruction. At the same time, the Right is no keener than the Left to roll back the state. There is virtual consensus that even if it could be done it would not be desirable; anything so radical would be socially too disturbing.

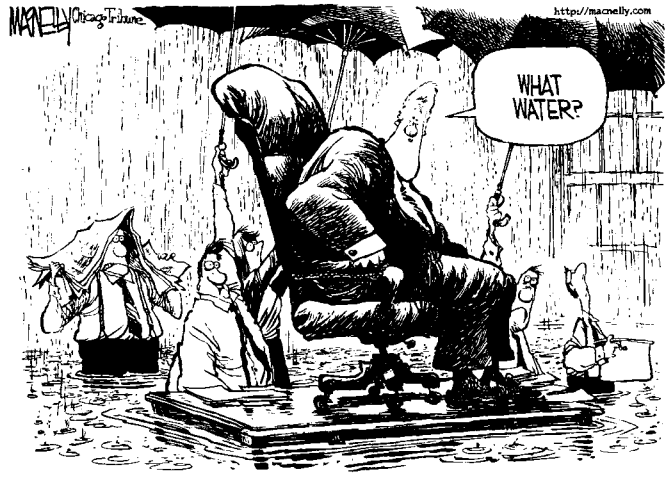
While there is no German ideology today, there is a search for some ideological compound that would help reconcile the acknowledged realities of scarcity and conflicting interests with the sweet reasonableness of social peace and communitarian spirit. What is wanted is a successor to the concept of the "social market economy" which, for all its being an oxymoron, has served the Germans so well but which has now reached the term of its useful life. Some other intellectual oxymoron is needed to provide the unifying formula in which people of good will can profess belief.

With the zeal of converts, Germans are now perhaps more firmly wedded to political democracy than some other nations that have had longer practice at it. Democracy, however, works through coalitions maintaining their cohesion and striving to recruit allies by honoring old entitlements and awarding new ones in competition with rival coalitions. This is the built-in engine that pulls the welfare state toward the brink, and this is what a magic new formula must somehow both stop and not stop.

It is of course not an impossible feat to stop your bicycle, keep it upright, and not fall off if you lean a little and put one foot on the ground; and it is this feat that political thought in Germany seeks to accomplish. The side it leans to is the left, but the tilt is slight, and the foot it seeks to keep on the ground of economic reality must not be made to carry too heavy a weight.

Unlike the French, Germans of all classes and most persuasions do believe that capital has legitimate rights of ownership and is entitled to earn whatever profit it lawfully can. In this respect socialist doctrine has never penetrated very deeply into German opinion. At the same time, Germans of most persuasions are egalitarian at heart, disapprove of "excessive" differences, and would not undo what is by international standards a highly progressive tax structure. They think "society" should lift up the underprivileged, and the rich should be made to provide "society" with the wherewithal to do so. The inconsistency between the rich being entitled to make what their property rights permit, and society being entitled to take it away from them, is of course not noticed at the level of broad popular opinion. It is, however, felt at the level where guiding ideological formulae must evolve to reconcile irreconcilables and make social democracy intellectually respectable.

One of the charms of John Rawls's *Theory of Justice* that explains its popular success on both sides of the Atlantic was the idea of "chain-linkedness." The idea affirms that a distribution that maximizes the lot of the least privileged does not in fact do so at the expense of the more privileged. A just distribution admits no inequalities that do not work to the advantage of the least well-off. But as a



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matter of fact (we are expected to take this on trust) the just distribution generates greater social "willingness to cooperate." Hence the maximum advantage to the least well-off is chain-linked to advantages that accrue to the better-off, who thus need make no absolute sacrifice, only a relative one, at the altar of social justice.

Much the same idea is making the rounds in Germany today, and indeed in other European countries with a social-democratic tradition, including Britain. Socialism was going to expropriate the expropriators, recapture "surplus value," and vanquish scarcity. That this was rubbish is now acknowledged, but this makes the promise of a new formula by which we can have our cake and eat it all the more alluring.

The germ of the corresponding new ideology, if it really deserves the name, is that as the community tilts its policies in favor of labor, of the salaried middle classes and all those unable to carry life's major risks, cooperation becomes more willing, management gets easier, and productivity increases. What the "tilt" costs business and the wealthy in terms of taxes, wages, benefits, and power-sharing with the unions, it repays them in greater social stability, safer property rights, and a smoother functioning of the administrative machinery. Both sides gain from the bargain. Capital, however, could never reap its gain if it were not for the redistributive measures, the taxes and regulations seemingly directed against it. No single capitalist can, by fair and caring treatment of his employees, gain as much from their better cooperation as the caring treatment would cost him, for some of the gain would accrue to rival firms and to the community at large, which would get a free ride out of his efforts and sacrifices. Only mandatory fiscal and regulatory measures that all enterprises have to comply with can allow capital as a whole, and hence each firm and each owner individually, to reap the net gains of greater social peace and a more productive economy. This justifies interventionist government and resolves any "seeming contradiction"—for post-socialist thought must insist through thick and thin that the contradiction is only apparent—between the respect for property rights demanded by a bourgeois order and the egalitarian legacy of socialism that democratic politics must preserve.

MUCH of this effort at ideological reconciliation, although it suits the German yearning for consensus, is not specifically German. The same ideas are swirling about wherever social democrats feel the need to update themselves. Except for the countries, such as France, Italy, and Spain, where socialism was always deeper than social democracy and where there is now genuine ideological disarray, the whole of Europe is speculating about some such painless reconciliation of evident contradictions. Britain's "New Labour" has brought it closest to everyday reality by basing on it a strategy of return from a quarter-century in the political wilderness. Tony Blair, the Labour leader, and his pack of advertising men and TV producers seek above all to wipe out Labour's old image as the class party, living off the conflict between "us and them." New Labour is for labor but also for capital; it will not assert one interest over another but will bring all interests into harmony and do it by less but better government. Though no democratic party worth its salt can say anything else, New Labour appears to think that such a synthesis is in fact attainable.

While Thatcherite, "dry" Conservatives used to say that "companies belong to their shareholders," and Old Labour held that the "commanding heights of the economy should be in social ownership," the new political language speaks about "enterprises serving their stakeholders." In the capitalist view of society, the natural conflicts between capital and labor, consumer and producer, young and old, blue- and white-collar, are resolved impersonally by a myriad of individual choices in free markets. In the social-

Socialism was going to expropriate the expropriators, recapture 'surplus value,' and vanquish scarcity. That this was rubbish is now acknowledged

ist view, they are resolved by the worker's state. In the new view which senses the unpopularity of the two old ones, they are not genuine conflicts and need not be resolved. Somehow, all interests are common interests. As in "chain-linkedness," all gain when one gains; all hold stakes in the same endeavor. While one part of this creed is true but trite, and the other part is mushy and cannot stand up to cold analysis, the whole is nonetheless interesting, for it reveals what will sell.

People clearly do not like to let markets decide. Nor do they like it when the government does, even if it is a government of their own choosing. The idea of a stakeholder democracy insinuates that both market and government can somehow be short-circuited and things will get sorted out "among ourselves," giving more scope than hitherto to the apple-pie-and-motherhood values of today, consultation and "dialogue." Responsibility for who gets what seems, then, to shift to the enterprise as a kind of stakeholders' forum. Management must cease to be the agent of the shareholders. It must become an umpire or, if that word conjures up the idea of a contest, rather a Solomonic cutter-up of the common cake, seeing to it that wages are fair, prices are neither too high nor too low, jobs are secure, consumers are protected, the local community gets its share, and the environment is not forgotten.

Despite the new science of "business ethics," management is of course not qualified to play this role, nor can it play it without betraying the owners' mandate. Above all, the role would concentrate awesome power in its hands. But it would spoil the sport to spell this out. Stakeholding, like acquired rights, the widow's cruse, the caring European model, and equality without leveling down, may be disparate, shapeless, and even downright phony, yet these seem to be the only elements currently on offer to fill Europe's ideological void.

For it is surely too much to hope that it will not be filled at all. □

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SECURITY AND PEACE IN ISRAEL

Netanyahu Rampant

He may stand poised as, in effect, the first president of Israel. But can he negotiate?

AMOS PERLMUTTER

PRIME Minister Benjamin Netanyahu arrived in Washington last week with a carefully thought-out plan for peace and reform. In earlier telephone conversations with President Clinton he had made clear that his priority in negotiations with the Palestinians and Syria is the personal security of Israelis—and that means the end of Palestinian terrorism and of Syrian-sponsored terrorism in Lebanon. He extended his hand to the United States, Israel's traditional supporter, and asked the Clinton Administration to "adapt" itself to his style and structure of negotiations, in which Israel will demand reciprocity—concessions from Arabs in return for concessions from Israel.

To smooth his way, Netanyahu is ready gradually to lift the blockade on the West Bank city of Hebron. He also will gradually allow the return of thousands of Palestinians to work in Israel. He is committed to redeployment of the Israel Defense Force from the West Bank—on, however, a different schedule from the former government's in order to limit Palestinian terrorist acts. The pace of IDF redeployment will be linked to the end of terrorism.

President Clinton will have done well to listen carefully to all this, for Netanyahu's election has brought about a huge change in Israeli politics. Much more than a change of parties, it represents a political revolution.

It was not meant to be that way. The new electoral law, separating the election of the prime minister from that of the Knesset, was designed to reduce the multiplicity of small parties and bolster the two major parties and the Knesset both. Instead, the prime minister is more dependent than ever on coalition partners. This strengthens the horse-trading power of emergent religious, ethnic, and social groups, which have never before existed on such a scale in Israel. Yet, the arrangement also gives the prime minister a kind of power never before exercised by an Israeli head of government. Like an American President, he has been elected by *all* the people and thus can claim a national mandate. But a mandate to do what?

First, Netanyahu will demonstrate to his own Likud Party that he is not entirely dependent on it. Dealing with a factional, multi-party Knesset, he is in a position to create different coalitions on different issues. On security, he is certainly not the prisoner of the right wing of his party as some commentators have argued: he might create a moderate coalition of Labor hawks and Likud centrists plus members of religious parties whose main concern is not security.

Others think Netanyahu will be controlled by Orthodox religious forces. This is even less likely; he can pull together a mix of liberals, Laborites, and ethnic separatists to defeat any legislation that would upset the religious/secular balance established by David Ben-Gurion in the 1950s. On economic issues, Netanyahu, a free-trader, can build a coalition of Likudites and free-traders in the Labor Party, as well as various ethnic and religious groups.

Mr. Netanyahu's success, of course, will depend on his political savvy. Contrary to those who think him a vacuous, sound-bite politician, his rise from a junior minister to prime minister in five years shows considerable skills. But will electioneering rather than governing be his contribution to Israeli politics? Pragmatic and flexible, he could, under sufficient pressure, jettison precious ideological commitments of his party platform, and even his own campaign rhetoric. Bill Clinton has taught us that this can be done in modern politics, at least if one commands the media.

But, as with the American Democrats, there are some principles that Netan-

"Low tar, or regular?"

Mr. Perlmutter is a professor of political science at American University.

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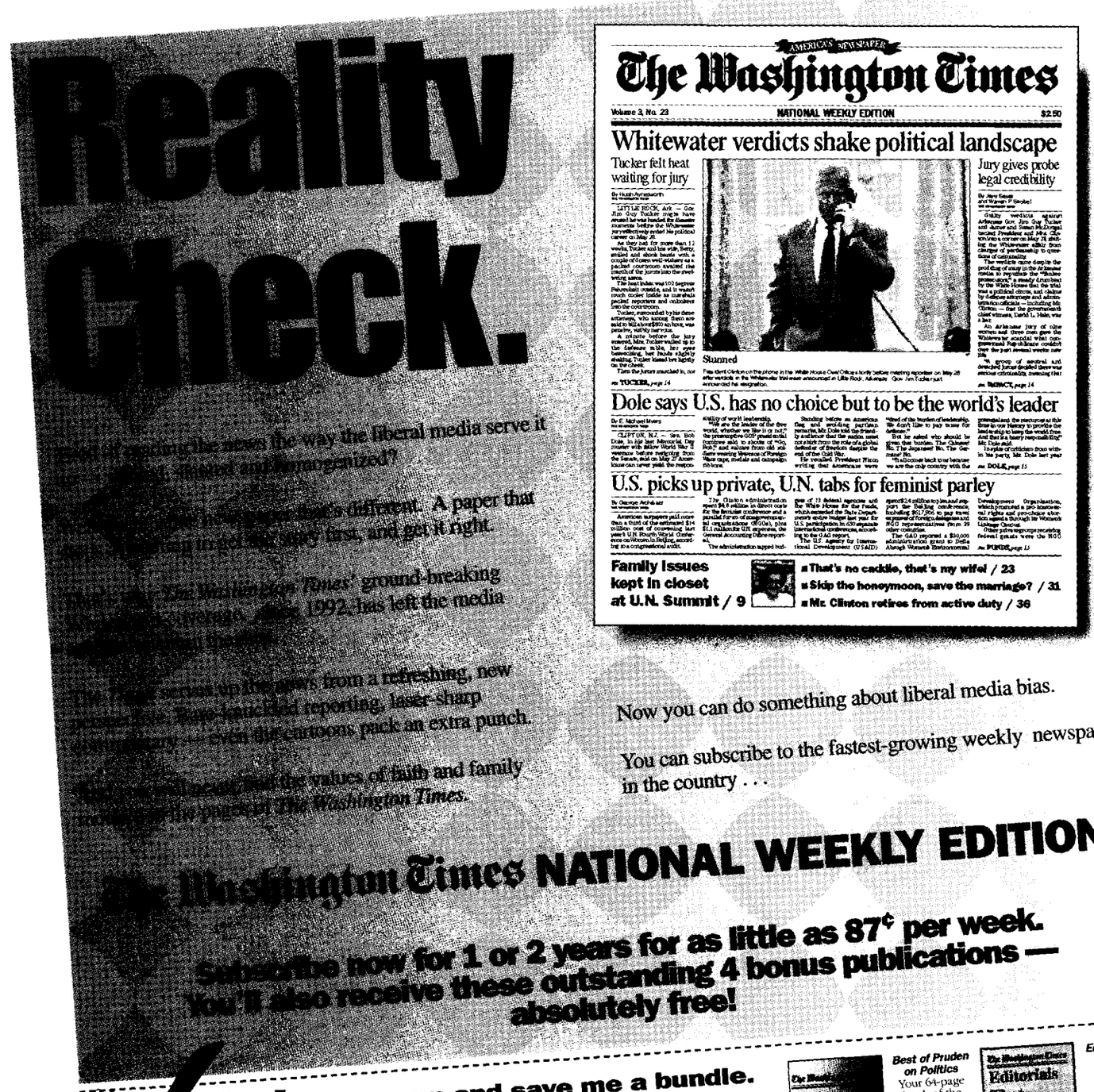
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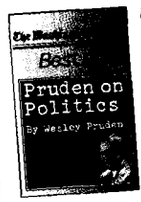

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yahu's Likud will never abandon. The core issue is security.

On the critical Palestinian negotiations, a new breakthrough like Oslo would be inimical to Netanyahu's philosophy. But now that the negotiations are in motion, Netanyahu will see no reason not to enter into dialogue with Yasir Arafat. However, he will abandon the Oslo style and mark out a firm position on six issues:

—The Palestinians hoped Oslo would lead to an independent state. However, like Menachem Begin, Netanyahu is committed to a form of Palestinian autonomy that falls considerably short of independence.

Netanyahu will make it clear that Arafat is responsible for bringing an end to terrorism on the West Bank and in Gaza

—Netanyahu will make it quite clear that Arafat, and only Arafat, is responsible for bringing an end to terrorism on the West Bank and in Gaza. If and when Arafat fails, Netanyahu, unlike Rabin–Peres, will freeze negotiations, and the IDF will be free to cross borders and destroy terrorist cells—as it did in Egypt and Syria before the peace treaties. That is what Netanyahu meant in the election campaign when he called for "real security." Arafat and the Palestinian Authority stand to lose a great deal if they condone another Intifada. Arafat's Palestine has all the structures of a sovereign state: a government, an elected president, a bureaucracy, security services, and a small military force. He would lose all this if he failed to control Hamas and the terrorists.

—Netanyahu will make clear that Jerusalem will never be an Arab capital and that access to the Muslim holy places is exclusively Jordanian. The status of Palestinian offices in East Jerusalem, at Orient House, will be lowered.

—Netanyahu will announce that the security of the West Bank is an Israeli responsibility, canceling promises made by Peres loyalist Yossi Beilin that it would be turned over to the Palestinians within 12 years. Israel's security boundary will always be the Jordan River.

—It is obvious that Netanyahu will have to respond to the settlers; without their vote, he might not have been elected. But he will *not* repeat Yitzhak Shamir's defiant and aggressive building of new settlement towns; he will simply expand the existing ones quietly. Let us not forget that even under Labor, thousands of settlers moved to new homes in the disputed territory. Netanyahu can also divert the issue to the more propitious one of Jerusalem, continuing the building of the city's outskirts so as to encircle East Jerusalem and the Arab villages and create a powerful Jewish majority there. This would be condoned by most Israelis and American Jews, and it would be difficult for an American Administration to condemn it.

—The Netanyahu government will deny a right of return of Palestinian refugees.

In economics, meanwhile, Netanyahu's models are Reagan and Thatcher. He is dedicated to privatization of government-owned banks, airlines, and other assets to the tune of $30 billion, helping to make Israel a magnet for investment in the Middle East. This will more than offset any investor nervousness about his foreign policy. Also, he has invited his friend Rupert Murdoch to advise him on how to privatize the government-owned television and radio stations and, not coincidentally, how to end liberal domination over these media.

In response to these new approaches, Arafat and the Palestinians have two principal options. One of course is a return to terrorism, which is unlikely (or, at least, suicidal). The second is to organize a cultural and political Intifada —an anti-Israel campaign abroad, especially in the United States. In my view this—plus patience—is his most likely option. Arafat is a survivor; he understands that the Netanyahu government will not last forever. Most of Palestine, except for Jerusalem, is already under his thumb. World opinion and the American political class, Democrats and Republicans alike, are behind him. For 35 years Arafat has used these potent forces, supplemented by terrorism, to advance the Palestinian cause.

And the Israelis will not forget this. Unlike Anwar Sadat, who flew to Jerusalem, acted as a gentleman and a statesman, and was admired by Israelis for his courage, Arafat is perceived as a bazaar merchant who speaks from three sides of his mouth. Even as he accepted Oslo, he also spoke of the possibility of a *jihad* and making Jerusalem an Arab capital. Some of his advisors discuss a theory of "phases," meaning first recovery of the pre-1967 Arab territory, and later a struggle to "liberate" all of Palestine from the Zionist enemy. Arafat's reluctance, and later inability, to curb Hamas terrorism, his half-truths regarding the annulment of the Palestinian Charter, and his police state in Gaza have not endeared him to Israelis.

THEN there are the Arab nations. King Hussein of Jordan will not admit it, but the new Israeli government could be exploited for his purposes. First, Netanyahu, with whom the King has an excellent relationship, has assured him that the holy places in Jerusalem will remain under Jordanian authority. (Arafat and the Palestinians have tried to grab them by appointing their own Mufti to challenge Hussein's.) Second, in his heart of hearts, the King prefers the IDF to the Palestinian military on the West Bank of the Jordan. An independent Palestinian state with armed forces on the Jordan would pose a threat to the Hashemite dynasty.

As for the Egyptians, they were waging a diplomatic campaign against Israel even under Rabin–Peres, motivated by fear that Israel—economically and technologically the most powerful state in the area—would diminish Egyptian influence. Israel's most outspoken critic is the Egyptian foreign minister, Amr Moussa, who has been vitriolic on Israel's "arrogance," notably during the recent Israeli attacks on Lebanon. Egypt's press and government have continually insulted King Hussein for his warmth toward Israel.

When it comes to Syria, Netanyahu will offer to deal on two tracks: first over Lebanon, with the goal of ending Syria's patronage of terrorist movements aimed at Israel; and, second, a step-by-step military arrangement, which, however, will not include the surrender of territory. Here, domestically and internationally, Netanyahu has a strong case. If progress is to be made, the American Administration must make it clear that the golden era of letting Assad off the hook is over.

Last, the United States. Netanyahu—American-educated and not a rigid ultra-nationalist—well knows the importance of the United States for Israel.

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He is aware that President Bush and Secretary of State Baker helped topple the Shamir government in 1992. He is aware that he must unify not only Israel but also American Jews. He will do his best to cooperate with the United States short of compromising on Jerusalem. From a generational point of view, he can "speak American" to Clinton, which Rabin and Peres could not do.

Benjamin Netanyahu represents the end of the traditional hard-line Likud party, and the establishment of the first Israeli Republican Party. If he can marshal national and international support while carrying out some of his party's policies, acting prudently but toughly when necessary, he will gain stature among Israelis and establish himself as a formidable leader in the world arena. If he succumbs to narrow ideology and party-first maneuvering, he will destroy his government.

His task is monumental but, ironically, the Labor government cleared the path. They paid the price for the breakthrough. If Netanyahu brings the necessary political and intellectual skills to the negotiations, he may succeed in making peace where they failed. □

Smoking Wars

Journalists who cover tobacco never tire of the same old morality play.

JACOB SULLUM

WHEN Bob Dole suggested that tobacco is not addictive for everyone, journalists and anti-smoking activists reacted as if he had declared the earth was flat. Yet while Dole spoke a bit loosely, the gist of his comments is so plainly true that it's hard to see what all the fuss was about. "To some people, smoking is addictive," he said during a visit to Kentucky on June 13. "To others, they can take it or leave it. Most people don't smoke at all." His take was similar in an interview with ABC's Peter Jennings that aired two weeks later: "My nonscientific view is that it's a habit. Some people who have tried it can quit easily. Others don't quit. So I guess it's addictive to some and not to others."

For observing that smoking is neither irresistible nor inescapable, Dole was pilloried as a tobacco-industry puppet. Never mind that what he said happens to be true, or that he also said cigarettes are harmful and people shouldn't smoke —noting that he himself had a hard time quitting and that his brother, a heavy smoker, had died of emphysema. The crucial point was that the tobacco companies had given Dole and the Republican Party a lot of money, so he was clearly in league with the devil.

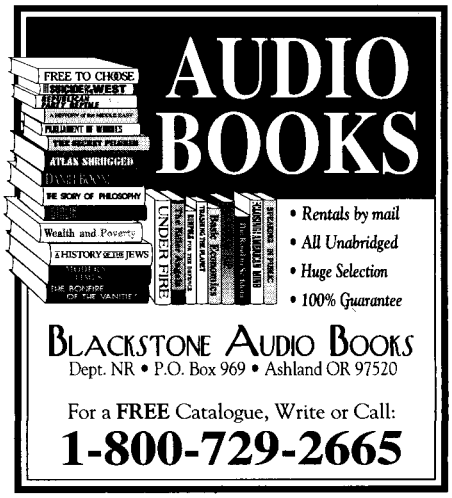
This fact-resistant, Manichean world view dominates media coverage of smoking, including allegedly neutral reporting. It was exhibited with especially comic frankness in "Never Say Die," the edition of *Peter Jennings Reporting* in which Dole offered his common-sensical ideas about tobacco addiction. The report was supposed to address the question, "How can the tobacco companies continue to not just survive, but prosper, when so many of their customers do not?" Implicit in the question is the sense that the tobacco companies shouldn't be surviving, let alone prospering. At the beginning of the show, Jennings explains why: Cigarettes are "the only product that you can buy virtually anywhere which, when used as directed, kills more than 400,000 Americans a year." At the end of the show, he observes that the death toll from smoking is equivalent to "three jumbo jets full of passengers" crashing "*every single day . . . 365 days of the year.*"

Both lines are standard bits of anti-smoking rhetoric, so familiar that they have become the stuff of satire. Yet Jennings presents them as if they were startling news. And well he should, because his entire report hinges on the body count that frames it. For tobacco's opponents, such numbers demonstrate that the cigarette business is "a killer industry." And they don't mean that figuratively. A prominent anti-smoking activist has written that the tobacco companies are "literally getting away with murder." If you begin with the assumption that selling cigarettes is tantamount to homicide, you needn't work very hard to convict Philip Morris, R. J. Reynolds, et al. It's enough to show that they behave like any other industry: They advertise their (deadly) products! They give money to (corrupt) politicians! They oppose (life-saving) regulations!

This is the approach that Jennings takes, relying on his audience's predisposition to see tobacco companies as sinister. Sometimes the results are amusing. In one segment, two ABC producers pose as businessmen thinking of opening a "deli and smoke shop" in Louisville, Kentucky. They meet with several tobacco sales representatives, each of whom insists that retailers should *never, ever* sell cigarettes to minors. Shocking stuff, and it's all captured by a hidden camera. The closest thing to an incriminating statement comes from the Philip Morris rep, who concedes that his company's program to discourage under-age smoking is motivated partly by a desire to head off regulation. He adds, "It's also, we feel, the right thing to do." It's hard to say which is more surprising: that tobacco sales reps are so upright even in private, or that ABC would waste precious minutes of prime time on such lame footage.

Jennings also interviews some experts on addiction and advertising: a bunch of teenagers smoking in a parking lot. One reports that he gave up cigarettes for a week once, but it didn't take. Another observes that when you're around kids who are smoking, you want a

Mr. Sullum, a senior editor at Reason, *is writing a book about the anti-smoking movement for the Free Press.*



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cigarette too. A third says that of course tobacco ads are aimed at kids, because "when you're little, you want a pony. What does the Marlboro Man ride?"

The arguments that Jennings offers are not much more persuasive. When a woman who helped develop the Joe Camel ad campaign says she thinks of him as "a person who exhibits a certain way of looking at life" rather than a cartoon, the camera flashes pictures of Joe Camel ads to show us that he is, in fact, a cartoon. Another audacious lie!

Jennings interviews some experts on addiction and advertising: a bunch of teenagers smoking in a parking lot

The same woman tells Jennings that R. J. Reynolds hoped cool, suave Joe Camel would appeal to 18-to-24-year-olds, but she concedes the company had no way of making sure that he would not also appeal to people younger than 18. In response to RJR's plea of not guilty to the charge of corrupting minors, Food and Drug Administration Commissioner David Kessler says, "Tell me how you design an advertising campaign that affects only 18-year-olds." Which is sort of the point. If cigarette companies have to avoid any ad that might catch the eye or tickle the fancy of a 16-year-old, they might as well not advertise at all. No doubt that would suit Kessler just fine.

It's hard to fathom why so much attention is focused on advertising—which has, at most, a subtle impact on a teenager's propensity to smoke—when the laws against selling cigarettes to minors are barely enforced. As Jennings shows, it's very easy for kids to obtain cigarettes. Merchants rarely ask for proof of age, and vending machines are often left unsupervised. Cutting off the supply completely is an unrealistic goal, but states and municipalities could certainly do a much better job of enforcing the existing laws. Of course, that would leave no room for David Kessler.

The FDA commissioner, who wants to regulate cigarettes as "nicotine delivery devices," argues that people keep smoking because they can't help it. Most smokers start as teenagers, and by the time they're old enough to know better, it's too late. They're hooked. After all, nicotine is addictive. This view of smoking (and addiction in general) is a vast oversimplification. Bob Dole's "nonscientific" view is actually more sophisticated. As he noted, many people who try cigarettes never become regular smokers, and many regular smokers quit, some easily and some (like Dole) with much difficulty. There are almost as many former smokers in this country as there are smokers, and the vast majority of them gave up the habit on their own, without formal treatment.

On the other hand, some 45 million Americans continue to smoke, despite the availability of nicotine gum and patches. Given the hazards of smoking, that choice would be puzzling if, as Kessler suggests, all they wanted was a nicotine fix. Such a reductionist view of smoking also fails to explain why so many smokers who try to quit go back to the habit long after any withdrawal symptoms have disappeared. Clearly, smoking served an important function in their lives—relieving boredom, soothing distress, aiding concentration, warding off loneliness—and they miss it.

When Kessler says smoking is "a pediatric disease," he's implying that smokers who take up the habit as teenagers should be treated like children for the rest of their lives. By calling behavior a disease, he obscures the fact that, whenever they start, smokers choose to continue smoking *every day*. They may be ambivalent about it, but they have implicitly decided that the costs of quitting exceed the benefits. Indeed, if we could somehow prevent everyone under the age of 18 from lighting up, many people would still choose to smoke. This simple fact—the real reason "the tobacco companies continue to not just survive, but prosper"—seems to elude both Kessler and Jennings.

Kessler is the hero of Jennings's story, and all who oppose him are pawns of the villainous tobacco industry. Noting that think tanks and members of Congress who criticize the FDA receive contributions from cigarette companies, Jennings implies that complaints about the agency's inefficiency and overzealousness are a way of punishing Kessler for his foray into tobacco regulation. The flaw in this theory is that conservatives and libertarians were calling for reform of the FDA *before* Kessler decided that cigarettes were covered by the Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act. Could some of these critics be acting on principle, instead of simply carrying water for the merchants of death? Jennings never considers the possibility that politicians and think tanks might get tobacco money because they support certain policies, rather than the other way around.

For Jennings, there is no legitimate opposition to the war on tobacco. Smoking is an unequivocal evil that needs to be stamped out. "The cigarette companies have been winning," Jennings claims, "in part because there's never been a national debate about the death and destruction which smoking causes." Anybody want to make the case for death and destruction? □

Illiberal Court

The United States Supreme Court is engaged in the process of undermining democracy.

DAVID FORTE

SOME people simply cannot mind their manners. Jeremiah was roundly despised for proclaiming the infidelity of Israel. The little boy of Hans Christian Andersen exclaimed at the nakedness of the emperor. And Justice Antonin Scalia has the effrontery to expose the oligarchic agenda of his brethren.

Justice Scalia has long used his acerbic style to disassemble the jerry-built logic of Supreme Court opinions. In the *Romer* case this last term, for example, he

Mr. Forte is a professor of law at Cleveland State University.

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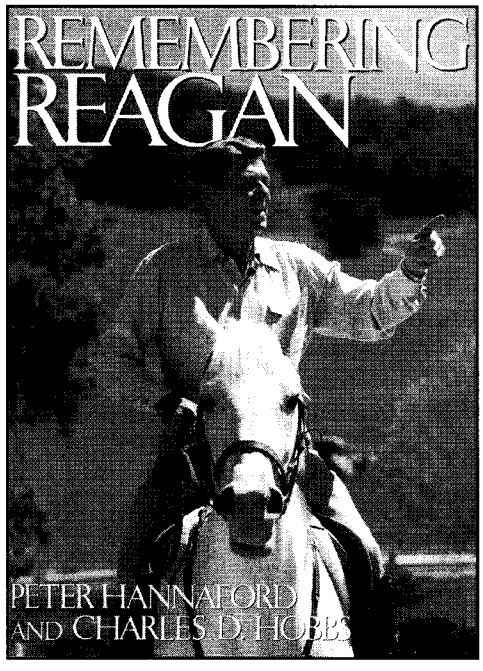

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declared that in the Court's current view of the equal-protection clause, "our constitutional jurisprudence has achieved terminal silliness."

Scalia has paid a political price for his temerity. Truthfully, his disparagement of his colleagues' views has sometimes verged on the personal insult. It is doubtful that his style has won many votes from his fellow Justices.

Yet he will not be turned aside. In the just-completed 1995–96 term of the Supreme Court, he went further than he has ever done before. Taking a cue from academia, Scalia spiritedly "deconstructed" the arguments of the Court in a number of significant decisions, and revealed where he thought the majority's political agenda lay. Scalia is no longer content with taking apart a badly constructed argument. He sees something much more dangerous afoot, and has decided to confront it.

The elite has 'embarked on a course of inscribing one after another' of its current preferences into the Constitution

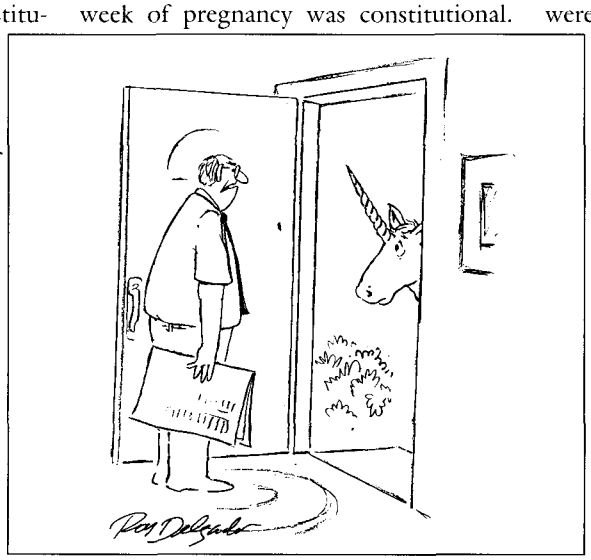
Scalia believes that the nation's "law-trained elite" and its social prejudices have gained control of the Constitution-making machinery of government. That elite, he says, has "embarked on a course of inscribing one after another" of its current preferences into the Constitution. He decries the Court as elitist, "illiberal," and intolerant of the democratic process. He bitterly confesses to being profoundly disturbed by the Court's changing of long-standing political practices overnight, especially since this is being done "by an institution whose conviction of what the Constitution means is so fickle."

Despite his ire, the 1995–96 term of the Supreme Court was not as radical as either Justice Scalia or the press depicted it. The largest group of significant cases was in the area of criminal procedure. There, the tradition of the Rehnquist Court continued, in incrementally strengthening law enforcement as well as in limiting repetitive appeals by convicted felons. The Court decided many of those cases, however, by a fragile one-vote margin.

The Court continued to strike down race-conscious redistricting, in North Carolina and Texas (again by vulnerable 5 to 4 votes), and let stand a ban against a racially preferential admissions program at the University of Texas Law School. Two cases modestly improved the position of the states, one requiring federal courts to enforce New York State's revision of punitive-damage awards, and another preventing Congress from authorizing suits by Indians against the states.

The Court continued to enforce a rigorous interpretation of the First Amendment. It struck down a Rhode Island ban on liquor-price advertising. It also voided a state law that limited the right of a political party to campaign expenditures. Even in the face of community values, the Court voided a congressional act that would have limited "indecent" visual and verbal expression coming into the home via cable.

Little progress came, however, in the protection of property interests. An innocent owner of an automobile used in a criminal activity by her husband (engaging a prostitute) had her interest forfeited with no recourse. In cases dealing with labor disputes, the Court leaned on the side of the labor unions over the employer. And the Court showed little inclination to help the states protect the unborn, even within the narrow confines of the 1992 *Casey* decision. It did remand a decision of a federal Circuit Court to determine whether Utah's restriction of abortions after the 20th week of pregnancy was constitutional.



"The ad said that no unicorn would call."

On the other hand, the Court refused to grant certiorari to a questionable decision out of South Dakota in which a parental-notification law had been struck down on its face.

It was in the area of moral concern and community mores, however, that the Court demonstrated most clearly the kind of attitude that Justice Scalia finds so biased and objectionable.

In two of the most controversial cases, dealing with gay rights in Colorado and male-only military education in Virginia, Justice Scalia discerned a consistently pursued agenda by a privileged elite to impose its moral views. Once the Court had implanted those views into the Constitution, he argued, they became permanent bars to the social values long and deeply held by the people. These cases provoked his most bitter and vehement denunciations to date.

In *Romer* v. *Evans*, the Supreme Court struck down a Colorado constitutional provision passed by the state's voters directed at repealing existing laws and prohibiting future laws that would grant preferred status to homosexuals. The Court's majority could find no reasonable purpose in such a provision, and attributed it to hatred and animus against homosexuals by the Colorado electorate in violation of the equal-protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. The Court stated a blanket rule that a law that makes it more difficult for one group to obtain government aid than others is by definition a denial of equal protection.

In reply, Justice Scalia (joined by Chief Justice Rehnquist and Justice Thomas) ticked off a number of what he thought were quite obvious propositions.

—Since the Supreme Court itself has declared that a state may criminalize homosexual conduct, it logically follows that the state can deny those who engage in it benefits in its civil law.

—Colorado's disapproval of homosexual conduct is in fact unusually mild. It was one of the earliest states to repeal its criminal prohibitions against homosexual conduct. Its non-discrimination laws protect homosexuals now and would continue to do so. All the state wanted to do was to limit the opportunity for homosexuals as a group to achieve additional benefits in the law.

(Continued on page 56)

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THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

July 6, 1996

Dear Rusty,

Okay, we all know cigarettes are addictive. I mean, Tip smoked up a storm for years, and when she quit, well, she kind of got on the old replace-the-cigarette-with-a-Hostess-Ho-Ho train. At a certain point, I was thinking about a firmly worded offer: either a carton of Carlton Lights or a NordicTrack, but definitely one or the other.

But they're bad little cancer sticks, aren't they? I mean, it says so on the box.

On the other hand, of course—and as you know, as a New Democrat, I think it's important to look at the other hand—$72,000 in Democratic Party funds divided into six checks of $12,000 apiece to six swing states (say, for argument's sake, California, Ohio, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Florida, and New York)—well, I mean, that's a positive, right? So while cigarettes are addictive, they're also beneficial.

As you know, Rusty, I'm very sensitive to the issue of hypocrisy. You remember how hard I fought to have an electric vice-presidential limousine—and I only gave in when the Secret Service pointed out the problem, in an emergency, of a car that can only go 30 miles per hour for 11 minutes before it needs a recharge. Naturally, I'm all in favor of pointing out the differences between us and the Republicans—especially these days, when they're harder to find. And tobacco policy seems a good place to start. After all, they got $97,000 in tobacco-lobby contributions last year, while we took in only $96,890.

But as I was helping George Stephanopoulos into his "Buttman" suit—you've seen him in the news, I'm sure: a guy in tights and a cigarette costume waving at all the Dole rallies; boy, is George racking up the frequent-flyer miles!—I suddenly thought that we may be pushing this issue too far.

I had just zipped on the filter headpiece and heard George's muffled "How do I look?" when the phone rang. It was Dad, calling from the farm.

"Son," he said, "your mother and I just caught you on the news."

"How did I look?" I asked. I always like to get Dad's thoughts on my campaigning style.

"Well, your mother thinks you look fat."

"Oh," I said.

"But I've got a question for you. Just let me put down my julep."

I heard the familiar sounds: the ice tinkling, the slippery noise of fingers on the outside of a glass, the thud of the drink hitting the coaster.

"Here's my question, boy. All those years growing up on a farm in Tennessee—remember?"

"Sure, Dad. They're some of my fondest memories. Not that I didn't enjoy the years growing up in a hotel in Washington, D.C., of course—but a Tennessee farm is a much better campaign backdrop." I laughed. Dad joined in with a few chuckles.

"Right you are, my boy. And do you remember what it was that we grew on that farm?"

"Mint?" I asked, stymied.

"Well, yeah, mint. Of course mint. But come on, boy, we had thousands of acres—your mother and I couldn't get through that many mint juleps in one planting season . . . Now, maybe, since I'm not working, but then—no way."

"Then I'm stumped, Dad. What did we grow?"

"I'll give you a clue: it's leafy, highly addictive, and kids think it's cool."

I went pale. "Good heavens! Marijuana?" I was shaking. This was the kind of thing that Dole's opposition-research people would love.

"No, silly," Dad said. "We grew tobacco."

"Dad! That's worse! We've been highlighting Bob Dole's ties to the cigarette industry."

"Hello?" Dad said. "This is why I'm calling. Add it up, kiddo. St. Albans. Harvard. Your first campaign. Talk about tobacco money! Whoo boy!"

"Well, thanks for calling, Dad," I said. "I'm going to have to think about this."

"My advice, son, is when and if the press asks you about it, just tell 'em the truth: you didn't inhale!" Dad giggled merrily and hung up.

I looked up from the phone in a daze. George was still in his "Buttman" costume, bouncing along the wall feeling for the door. "Is everything okay at home?" he asked in a barely audible muffle.

"Fine, fine," I said. I didn't want to disturb him.

"Well then," he said from under his filter, "could you please show me to the door? It's getting awfully sweaty under here."

I guided him out. Then I sat down at my desk and started to think. I needed some peace and quiet, some small moment of contemplation. What I needed, Rusty, was a cigarette.

I had a Snickers bar instead.

Your pal, Al

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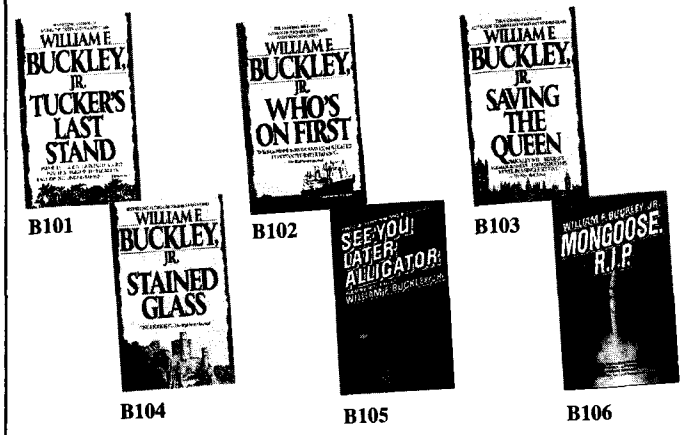

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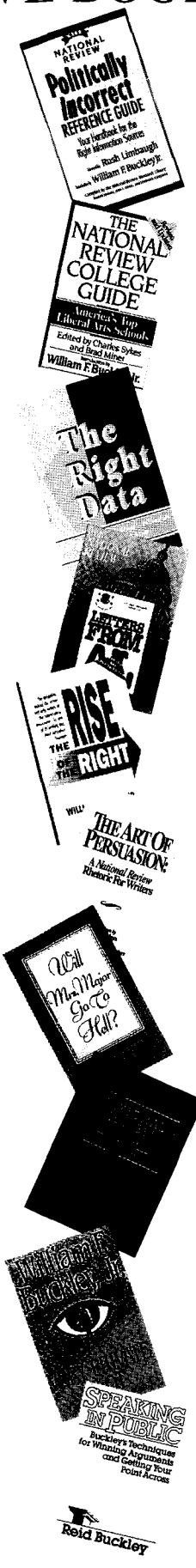

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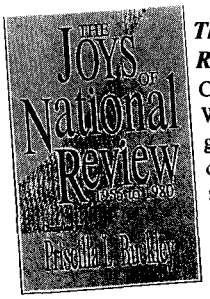

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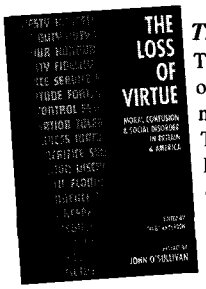

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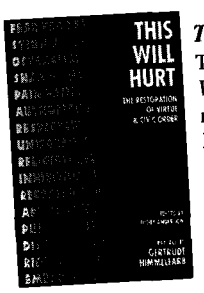

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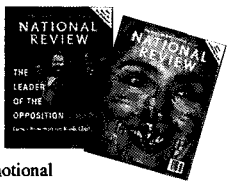

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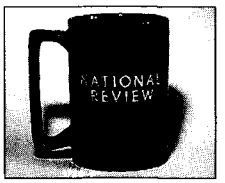

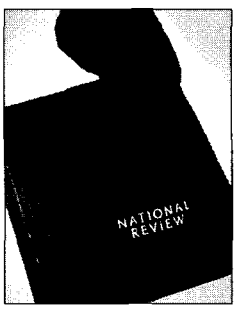

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BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Hating Clinton, and Loving It

RAMESH PONNURU

WHY do conservatives hate Bill Clinton? He is, says George Will, the least consequential President since Calvin Coolidge. He's arguably the most conservative Democratic presidential candidate since John Davis. And he has given conservatives something George Bush never could have: a Republican Congress. Yet the Right has hardly been appreciative.

This isn't the puzzle Richard Reeves seeks to solve in *Running in Place*—it's hard to figure out what exactly he *is* after—but he offers some insights. They are, to be sure, easy to miss amid all the predictable analysis and pedestrian prose Reeves has packed into this slim volume. Also distracting is his habit of repeating the same anecdotes, like an annoying uncle. Still, Reeves makes an important point that is absent from the other books under review: "Bill and Hillary Clinton . . . symbolize the 1960s to many Americans; they symbolize civil rights and feminism, sexual tolerance and abortion."

Reeves is onto something here—the Clintons do indeed personify everything conservatives hate about the Sixties—but he doesn't quite get it. The hostility to Clinton is visceral and cultural, not ideological and programmatic. Many conservatives who aren't pro-life feel it; and so do liberals of a certain age—including Reeves himself, it appears. Ellen Willis made Reeves's point earlier and better in the *Village Voice*: "The Clintons are inescapably Sixties figures. Their history, their body language, their visceral response to social issues carries the imprint of sex, drugs, rock and roll, Vietnam protest, and feminism—a cultural taint no amount of pandering to big business, religion, and family values can wipe out."

And then there is the psychosexual element of anti-Clintonism. The Clintons, in public perception, have reversed gender roles: he's soft and yielding, while she's steely and determined. (Indeed, Bill Clinton's persona has almost certainly accelerated the feminization of the Democratic Party.) It is because of this gestalt that traits capable of inspiring pity rather than anger—like the President's widely rumored sexual incontinence—have instead elicited such fierce reactions. For the same reason, Clinton's media-assisted, 43 per cent victory is taken as fundamentally illegitimate. That this notion is preposterous in the light of American political history is irrelevant. Nobody was ever morally offended that Jimmy Carter was President; the same can't be said of Clinton.

Roman Genn

Conservatives see in the Clintons the vices into which Sixties values have curdled: the suspect certitudes, the hypocrisy, the conviction of moral superiority, the irresponsibility, the cheap sentimentality. And beneath it all, the reflexive mendacity. At a Houston fundraiser last October, President Clinton said he had raised taxes too much and cut spending too little in 1993—because, he implied, congressional Democrats had made him. In fact, Democrats like Nebraska Sen. Bob Kerrey had pleaded for more spending cuts, not tax increases, and were outraged by Clinton's self-serving historical revisionism.

Paul Greenberg, editorial-page editor of the *Arkansas Democrat-Gazette*, chronicles many such instances in *No Surprises: Two Decades of Clinton Watching*. He writes, "Bill Clinton would have made a great editor; he never tires of changing words about." A particularly egregious case was Clinton's dissembling about his position on the Gulf War. At the time, Gov. Clinton said he "agree[d] with the arguments of the people in the minority" who voted against authorizing the war; after it was won, he referred to himself as an early

Mr. Ponnuru is NR*'s national reporter.*

Running in Place: How Bill Clinton Disappointed America, by Richard Reeves (Andrews & McMeel, 107 pp., $8.95)

No Surprises: Two Decades of Clinton Watching, by Paul Greenberg (Brassey's, 317 pp., $23.95)

The Choice, by Bob Woodward (Simon & Schuster, 462 pp., $26)

The System: The American Way of Politics at the Breaking Point, by Haynes Johnson and David S. Broder (Little, Brown, 668 pp., $25.95)

Pattern of Deception: The Media's Role in the Clinton Presidency, by Tim Graham (Media Research Center, 271 pp., $16.95)

Madhouse: The Private Turmoil of Working for the President, by Jeffrey H. Birnbaum (Times, 261 pp., $25)

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war supporter. When Greenberg challenged him, Clinton "fixed me with his sincere look and explained that, no, he had sided with the majority." Most commentators let Clinton's deceptions pass lightly during the 1992 campaign. Not Greenberg. In a "non-endorsement" of his state's native son, he wrote that it was "not the duplicitousness in his politics that concerns so much as the polished ease, the almost habitual, casual, articulate way he bobs and weaves. He has mastered the art of equivocation. There is something almost inhuman in his smoother responses that sends a shiver up the spine."

This passage is typical of Greenberg, both in its sturdy elegance and in its concern for character. (Public character, that is: Greenberg minds his own business when it comes to the Clintons' "after-hours life.") He's a fair judge, praising Clinton extravagantly whenever he gets a chance: on Haiti, NAFTA, education. He is also a stern one: his editorials make Clinton pay and pay for old sins of demagoguery.

Greenberg's character sketch is drawn with deft, sharp strokes: e.g., his description of Clinton's "brazenness under pressure" and his observation that "Bill Clinton was networking before 'network' was a verb." Bob Woodward's *The Choice* isn't in the same league, but his treatment of Clinton is equally damning. In one telling anecdote, Woodward relates a long session Sen. Chris Dodd (D., Conn.) had with Clinton in 1981, six months after Clinton had lost his re-election bid and become the youngest *ex*-governor in American history: "Clinton was then obsessed with talking about his loss. As Clinton barreled on blaming others for his defeat, Dodd . . . decided to stay on to hear Clinton utter the words, 'I screwed this up,' or, 'I f—ed this up,' or some version of self-blame. Dodd had stayed past 3 A.M. with Clinton and never heard the words or anything approximating them."

Woodward is largely content to string such anecdotes together without context or analysis. Most of the book is given over to accounts of tactical shadow-boxing by Clinton and Bob Dole, although a few brief and embarrassingly superficial excursions into public policy have been randomly inserted. And not even first-rate reporting can rescue a sentence like, "If tension could be bottled, [Dole] would have kept a bottling plant busy all night."

Despite these limitations, Woodward puts some finishing touches on the picture of the Clintons that emerges from Greenberg's and Reeves's books. The First Couple are petulant, self-absorbed, and evasive of responsibility. Their lack of self-awareness is comic. (Clinton "believed he was unusually decisive for a President," writes Woodward.) Yet they are convinced of their own moral and intellectual superiority. And in this trait above all, the Clintons are emblematic of post-Sixties liberalism.

Their lack of self-awareness is comic. Clinton 'believed he was unusually decisive for a President'

A SENSE of one's own moral superiority is, of course, a species of hubris. Some of that hubris comes through in *The Choice*, e.g., when Clinton says, "I would have much preferred being President during World War II." (Now *there's* a challenge worthy of his talents.) But the Clintons' hubris is best captured in *The System*, Haynes Johnson and David Broder's memo-by-memo account of the Administration's stillborn health-care initiative in 1993 and 1994.

That isn't the authors' intention. Their thesis is that Clintoncare was an enlightened combination of the free market and government regulation, defeated by partisan ambition and an interest-group disinformation campaign.

It's the kind of book that's designed to be force-fed to hapless political-science students, not to be voluntarily picked up. (It doesn't help that the authors attempt to invest their story with drama by writing at every opportunity that "it was a fateful moment" or that so-and-so's "words would prove to be devastatingly prophetic.") Johnson and Broder don't explain the Clinton plan in any detail—an incredible oversight, given the tome's size—but they convey its central premise clearly enough: there is no social problem, no matter how complex, that can't be solved by applying the intellects of the Clintons and their friends.

Consider: to devise their plan, Hillary Rodham Clinton and Ira Magaziner had to believe that they knew, inter alia, the proportion of GDP that should be spent on health care; the proper racial and ethnic balance of the medical profession; and the correct ratio of general practitioners to specialists. The market was merely another mechanism they could manipulate in order to achieve their policy goals. Moreover, they originally wanted to include the health plan in the 1993 budget "reconciliation" bill, so that what Johnson and Broder describe as "the largest domestic reform attempt in sixty years" could pass after a radically truncated debate.

If there's a silver lining to the Clintons' character flaws, it's that they've undermined the Administration's political effectiveness. Conservatives may find it hard to understand Woodward's insistence in *The Choice* that the Clintons despise the permanent elite inside the Beltway, but there's no reason to doubt him. They feel mistreated by the D.C. establishment, particularly reporters. Because of their Nixonian hatred of the press, they haven't bothered to flatter it. This hostility is almost entirely unjustified. As Tim Graham meticulously documents in *Pattern of Deception*, the press has tilted substantially toward Clinton since before the 1992 primaries. Even the Gennifer Flowers scandal was, he points out, a "one-week story reporters regretted all year long." Every time Clinton's political fortunes as President have sagged, the press has furrowed its collective brow in puzzlement at his failure to get credit for his many alleged accomplishments.

The Clintons' style may also have damaged the Administration's cohesion. In *Madhouse*, Jeffrey Birnbaum tells the story of six senior White House aides who took office with high hopes but left after months of fatigue and frustration. Birnbaum's analytical modesty, however, prevents him from fruitfully exploring the question of how much the madhouse atmosphere is specific to this Administration. I suspect that any White House would be sufficiently supercharged to witness hysterical scenes like this one: "But as Clinton commenced [his speech], Begala noted a choppiness that had not been evident during rehearsals. . . . 'The TelePrompTer's down!' someone shouted. Clinton was reading his speech—intermittent-

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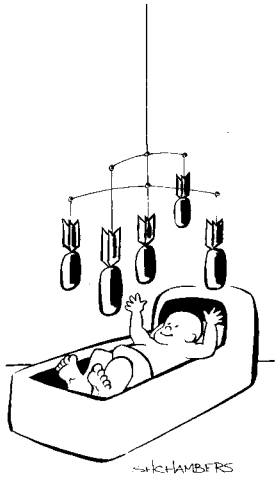
ly—from the copy he held in his hand. And Begala became as frightened as he had ever been." He wasn't the only one: "Stephanopoulos said the crisis was like a 'near-death experience,' with 'all the blood draining from my body.'" (On second thought maybe it's just as well this Administration hasn't had to fight a world war.)

FOR all his faults, though, Clinton brings ample strengths to his office. His intelligence and mental agility have never been disputed. Nor have his purely political skills: he's his own best campaign manager and spin controller. And, *pace* Greenberg, Clinton has shown that he can learn on the job. His foreign policy may not be wise, but it's no longer vacillating. According to Woodward, Clinton is less volatile now than in his first two years as President; he doesn't throw as many tantrums. The Clinton whom Chris Dodd encountered in 1981 was not the same one who told Broder and Johnson, "I made a blunder [on health care]. I set the Congress up for failure." The self-criticism may be merely tactical, but it suggests that he has grown up at least a little. Clinton's latest comeback isn't just the result of Republican missteps; it required remarkable political discipline. (Compare Newt Gingrich, who sounds as if he's spent half a year feeling sorry for himself.)



Oddly, none of these books really focuses on how Clinton revived his political fortunes. Woodward takes a stab at it: he mentions the role of savvy demagoguery on spending and the budget, as well as Clinton's belated discovery that the public doesn't want a President to think out loud. In addition, he notes, Clinton has presented himself as a "figure of healing and national reconciliation." Clinton understands the symbolic and dramatic aspects of politics better than most Republicans do. He has perfected the eulogy as a literary genre. His rhetoric at other times may not be eloquent, but it is finely attuned to public sentiment. And he has the enormous gift of making listeners, even Greenberg, give him the benefit of the doubt. When he says that his Administration is working *so* hard to balance the budget and deal with crime, the public gives him credit for it.

One reason Clinton's strengths have gone unappreciated is that liberals feel disappointed by him. Even for liberals who generally approve of his policies, like Richard Reeves, he doesn't quite measure up, basically because of his character and generation. And then there are the ideological complaints from points leftward. Vicious attacks on Clinton are by no means confined to the Right; *Nation* columnist Alexander Cockburn has referred to him as "President McMuffin," and Roger Morris's new *Partners in Power* is a left-wing diatribe against the First Couple.

Are leftists right to be so hard on the President? Greenberg seems to think so: "The charge that Bill Clinton is a closet liberal does him too much credit. It implies that somewhere he has an identifiable political philosophy. . . . Open his political closet and there's nothing there. Or rather, it's crammed full of political identities for every occasion." By 1994, Greenberg was able to write that "Bill Clinton is doing to liberalism what Richard Nixon did to conservatism: reduce it to an empty adjunct of his own political viability."

On this point I must respectfully disagree. There are indeed themes in Clinton's career. As governor, he soaked the poor and scattered tax exemptions on business interests; increased the government's use of what is charitably called "creative finance"; created public–private partnerships with little public accountability; weakened conflict-of-interest and sunshine laws; and strengthened his own control of law enforcement. He was thus able to construct a political coalition including not only labor and the welfare establishment but also bankers, bond counsels, developers, and owners of heavy-construction companies. Every interest group was invited to the table, except for taxpayers and consumers. Sound a bit like the Clintons' health-care plan?

If Bill Clinton has no ideology, he has shown a consistent disposition toward rule by experts. His commitment isn't philosophical, it's sociological. He is a defender of the New Class and its prerogatives. And his lack of character and conviction translates into liberalism in practice; it's in the interest of any power-hungry politician to increase the public's dependence on government. It's no coincidence that the Presidents who most expanded the welfare state—FDR, LBJ, Nixon—shared many of Clinton's political character traits. And leftist complaints notwithstanding, Clinton has done the best he could to maintain and expand government under unfavorable circumstances.

I must regretfully concur with Greenberg, though, when he suggests that Bill Clinton may be the President America deserves. "For when this President is at his most re-electable," he writes, "he is only reflecting our own desires, our own increasingly tenuous values." The spirit of the age "seems a remarkably spiritless spirit: full of sentimentality without emotion, leadership without direction, idealism without sacrifice, policy without decisions, great ambition without clear purpose, unending talk without much meaning or action." The most depressing thing about President Clinton is that he perfectly embodies the cultural moment. □

Smoke and Mirrors

DIGBY ANDERSON

RICHARD Kluger makes great claims for *Ashes to Ashes*. It is alleged to show "how cigarette companies have become the most adroit marketers on earth—despite the fact that their product eventually claims the lives of one in four users"; how Philip Morris trounced its rivals, American Tobacco and R. J. Reynolds; how "anti-smoking activists have stretched the truth about secondhand smoke and smokers' health-care costs to rouse public resentment"; "how government-mandated warning labels on cigarette packs

Mr. Anderson's latest book, Gentility Recalled, *has just been released by the Acton Institute.*

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have given the tobacco companies a thus-far impregnable shield against liability suits"; and much else.

It is a history focusing on the last hundred years. And, as Mr. Kluger claims, it is a history that seeks to analyze controversies and weigh evidence. The history is fascinating and elaborately researched. If you are interested in corporate competition, it makes good reading.

But if you are after an analytic account of the major controversies about tobacco, frankly the history gets in the way. For the controversies need to be analyzed methodically. All the evidence about the health damage alleged of smoking or about the effects of advertising need to be collected together, not mentioned as they occur chronologically. The concern to tell the tale also means the author cannot take adequate time to scrutinize and evaluate the evidence and arguments. He attempts this, but his efforts are inadequate. This causes another problem. There is no doubt that in this tale the heroes are the anti-smoking activists whose worst fault is their over-eagerness to alert and protect the public, while the villains, albeit often very clever ones, are the tobacco manufacturers. Without adequate analysis, these characterizations are not justified.

Ashes to Ashes: America's Hundred-Year Cigarette War, the Public Health, and the Unabashed Triumph of Philip Morris, by Richard Kluger (Knopf, 807 pp., $35)

There is no doubt that in this tale the heroes are the anti-smoking activists

To be fair, Mr. Kluger is better on some of the controversies than on others. There are at least five of them. First, whether smoking is harmful to the health of the smoker, and, if so, whether the manufacturers knew this and when. His allegation is, in grossly simplified form, that it is and they knew this and suppressed it.

Now at the most extreme definition of a necessary and sufficient or even a necessary *or* sufficient condition, smoking is not a cause of lung cancer. Mr. Kluger's own figure, that one in four dies from tobacco use, suggests that three in four do not. And there are other causes of lung cancer than smoking, though perhaps 85 per cent of such deaths are smoking related.

This 85 per cent will be for many people adequate reason for treating smoking as a cause. But even if we allow this, matters are not so simple. Obviously cigarettes do not cause any disease: *smoking* cigarettes is the key. Whose responsibility is that? That is a moral question, not a scientific one, though it involves matters of fact such as when consumers had enough information to be aware of possible hazards.

The second controversy is about dosage. At what level does smoking become dangerous? Mr. Kluger does discuss this, but it is among the least satisfactory of his analyses. Yet it is an

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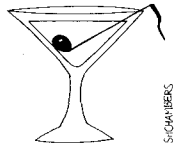
important question. If there are levels of smoking in which some individuals indulge without high likelihood of disease, then that means it is not smoking that is dangerous but certain levels of smoking. That in turn will alter the moral liability of those involved. The dosage question is one that anti-smoking activists have persistently played down.

The third controversy is about environmental tobacco smoke. To his credit, the author fairly labels the claims about ETS as wildly exaggerated. Unfortunately he does not draw the important moral conclusion. He says the claims about ETS were misleading, if not disingenuous in the extreme. But he does not brand as villains those activists who made them, as he does the industry for its alleged tampering with the facts. Talking of one in particular, he excuses him thus: "Without a doubt, Koop was on the side of the angels using . . . shaky science to justify the worthy end of a healthier society."

The fourth controversy is about addiction. We can argue about who is responsible for persons' starting to smoke, but if smoking is truly addictive then smokers cannot be held responsible for their continuing to smoke, although they might be held to have a responsibility to seek advice and a cure. Again the evidence is inconclusive. Judged by demanding definitions of addiction, smoking is not addictive. Judged by other definitions, it is. Moreover, the situation may be different for different people. Certainly huge numbers have given it up without medical help.



Fifth and last, advertising. If advertising "makes" non-smokers start smoking, then clearly the advertiser is responsible for the smoking. But advertising does not. Some deny that it increases the number of smokers at all, being rather a tactic for stimulating brand allegiance. But even if it influences some to start it does not do so in any mechanical way—the person can refuse. And other pressures such as peer pressure can be more important.

There is another odd assumption Mr. Kluger seems to make about advertising: that it is a sort of scientific information service. He seems to accept the notion that advertising is the consumer's sole source of information about goods and should be "complete." But in a free society, the media, academic research, government reports, and activist and consumerist organizations all give information about products from their own point of view. Sensible people expect advice from different quarters to reflect those quarters' interests, and they sift it with that in mind and put it alongside information from other sources. It is plural, competing sources of information that ensure truth in a free society, not any one source.

Finally the author fails to face one particular obstacle to truth: that the American legal culture does not encourage frank discourse. Nothing less than the reform of the legal system will lead to franker and better debate. Tobacco barons are not the only ones with interests. The current legal morass is fuel to the activists and food to the lawyers. □

Divided Hearts

J. BUDZISZEWSKI

WE would never think of saying, "Only if you remain in your seat may you take a walk," or, "Only if you keep a fast may you have your dinner." Yet to religious believers, the message of the culture is "Only if you can prove your faith are you rationally entitled to it." To back up Biblical stories one is expected to use history, so now we have a quest for the Historical Jesus; to back up religious doctrines one is expected to use science, so now we have scientific studies of such things as near-death episodes.

The results of these exercises have not been encouraging. Nominees for the Historical Jesus today include a peasant Cynic philosopher, an itinerant wonder worker, a revolutionary ideologist, a "shiftless party animal," and an out-of-the-closet activist "as queer as you or me." Curiously, many a Historical Jesus chaser finds that the object of his pursuit is a lot like himself. Near-death narratives present a similar difficulty, for Christians tend to have Christian experiences, Buddhists Buddhist, and New Agers New Age. Some of those resuscitated say they found judgment "over there," others only self-esteem. Some say they learned of Hell and Heaven, others just Heaven, still others neither Hell nor Heaven but reincarnation. It seems these people cannot even get their colors straight. We keep hearing about a loving white radiance that everyone wants to join, but the philosopher A. J. Ayer came back complaining about a nasty red one that he wanted to put out.

Nominees for the Historical Jesus include a 'shiftless party animal' and an out-of-the-closet activist 'as queer as you or me'

In the midst of this chaos we find our authors, each upholding a part of orthodoxy. Luke Timothy Johnson argues that the real Jesus is the risen and living Lord that Christians have known all along; Carol Zaleski defends the traditional belief in the afterlife. On the other hand, our authors take very different views of their respective subjects. Though no enemy to historical research on Christian origins, Professor Johnson sharply and powerfully attacks the methods and pretensions of the Historical Jesus movement. By contrast, Professor Zaleski is sympathetic with, even favorable toward, the literature of close brushes with death.

Johnson's sharpest barbs are for the traveling medicine show called the Jesus Seminar, a mixed group of scholars and hangers-on who use colored marbles to vote on "what Jesus really said." (Red: "That's Jesus!" Pink: "Sure sounds like Jesus." Grey: "Well, maybe." Black: "There's been some mistake.") The voting is merely media bait, for co-founder Robert Funk brazenly admits that the Seminar's "real Jesus" is a deliberate fic-

Mr. Budziszewski, an associate professor of government and philosophy at the University of Texas at Austin, is the author most recently of True Tolerance: Liberalism and the Necessity of Judgment *(Transaction).*

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tion. "We need," he says, "a fiction that we recognize to be fictive."

But Johnson persuasively argues that the issues involved in the Historical Jesus movement are much larger than the antics of Funk & Co. The methods of the movement are flawed at the root, so that even the work of honest investigators is compromised. Inevitably they find themselves throwing away their best evidence. For instance, any adequate approach to the Gospels would try to understand their literary qualities. Instead, the movement scholars destroy these qualities by cutting the texts to bits. We are speaking of something much more radical than merely taking passages out of context, though that is bad enough. By these methods the Lord's Prayer need not even be viewed as a prayer; it can become a mere collection of sayings, each of them viewed in isolation. So far as movement scholars are concerned, the opening phrases "Our Father" and "Who art in Heaven" might just as well have come from different books.

With this step the movement scholars have put themselves in a corner. Having annihilated structure and context, they can no longer use them to help decide which of Jesus's sayings are authentic. Other criteria must come into play, and here the fun begins. In the first set are standards any historian would use, like Multiple Attestation: a Jesus saying is more likely to be authentic if more than one source reports it. In the second are standards used only in the Historical Jesus movement, like Dissimilarity: a Jesus saying is more likely to be authentic if nothing in previous Jewish or subsequent Christian tradition resembles it. In the third are standards used only by Funk & Co., like the one I call Zen: a Jesus saying is more likely to be authentic if it is short and paradoxical. Johnson rightly accuses the Seminar's criteria of poisoning the well. "These are not 'critical' at all," he says, "but assumptions that are attached to a predetermined vision of the Jesus who is supposedly sought." One can only wonder why he does not make the same point about some of the standards in set two. The Dissimilarity standard has come under broad attack already, and for good reason. Ruling out every Jesus saying that sounds either Jewish or Christian predetermines our vision just as surely as ruling out every long one does: it guarantees a Jesus who is alienated from his people, does not believe himself Messiah, and never founds a church.

Then again, Johnson is not ultimately interested in how much of the Gospels historians can confirm. Surprisingly, the reason is not so much his confidence in their trustworthiness as his lack of concern about it. The "real" Jesus, he says, is the one we know now. To be sure, Christian faith has always involved some historical claims about him. However, it is based not on his ministry but on his resurrection, not on his former deeds and sayings but on his present power. The same goes for the rest of the New Testament. Scripture should challenge us, says Johnson, but we should also challenge Scripture.

I wonder if this is all a little glib. Yes, Christian faith has always held that the crucial thing is to find the risen Lord, but it has never held that having found him one may throw away the map. "Test all things," said Paul, because the heart is apt to deceive itself, not least in its most elevated moments. If the Jesus we seem to hear today teaches differently from the Jesus of the Gospels, then he is "a different Jesus" and we should stop our ears. He may transform us, but not as we ought to be transformed. Therefore, Scripture is not merely a preamble to religious experience but its interpreter and judge. That is the tradition.

The dangers of religious pragmatism would seem to be especially clear in the near-death experiences of which Professor Zaleski writes. Though frankly admitting that what happens to people while they are "out" is profoundly shaped by their prior desires and expectations, she labors mightily to miss the point. She says the experiences are real. Yes, but so are hallucinations. She says they give powerful expression to the ideals of those who suffer them. Yes, but these ideals are inconsistent. She says they bring good fruits. Yes, but only if we are willing to gauge goodness in all these inconsistent ways. She says they are cultural symbols for what cannot be expressed in plain language. Yes, but they cannot all be symbols of the same thing. She says they are in the realm of the imagination. Now we are getting somewhere. Understand that I do not claim to know what near-death experiences really are. Neither does Professor Zaleski, yet she uses them to draw conclusions. The burden of the book is that we are "rationally and morally entitled to believe in life after death." But if the warrant of Biblical faith is insufficient, then how imagination provides another is hard to see.

Nor is Professor Zaleski content to believe in life after death; she hopes for universal salvation. This is even more puzzling because it evinces a preference for some near-death narratives over others. The ones with Heaven are in; the ones with Hell are out. What shall we say, then, about the latter? "The problem with these scenarios has been their deployment by a theological tradition that tried to know too much, and took pleasure from the torment of the unjust." This is an odd position for a defender of orthodox doctrine, inasmuch as it puts Jesus among those who tried to know too much. Though no one in Scripture spoke more than he about love, no one in Scripture warned more than he about damnation. In her indifference to such details, this author's attitude resembles Johnson's. For both, the Jesus of experience is strangely disconnected from the one who taught and acted in Palestine. It matters greatly what he speaks; it matters little what he spoke.

Midway through his book, Professor Johnson comments on the Western Christian response to intellectual challenge. Why has it become so feeble? "Because the boundaries between church and academy, and the negotiations between faith and historical criticism, are so confused," he says. "Academicians are both within and against the church. Clergy are both believers and critics of belief. So complex are the combinations that any significant conversation is virtually impossible." I suggest that this is true, but only half the truth. Not only church and academy, but the heart is divided. The very apologists are at war with themselves. "For that which I do, I allow not; for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I." In order to uphold a part of faith, they hold another down. □

The Real Jesus: The Misguided Quest for the Historical Jesus and the Truth of the Traditional Gospels, by Luke Timothy Johnson (HarperCollins-SanFrancisco, 182 pp., $22)

The Life of the World to Come: Near-Death Experience and Christian Hope, by Carol Zaleski (Oxford, 98 pp., $18.95)

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SPORT

Olympic Myths

RICHARD GRENIER

IN the runup to the Atlanta Olympic Games, *Sports Illustrated* spent $40 million to be the Games' official publishing sponsor. But as hundreds of newspapers and magazines began publishing special reports on the Games, some seemed to be encroaching on *Sports Illustrated*'s special rights, which has led to a squalid dispute. But what about the Olympic Spirit? The Games have been through this before.

In 393 A.D., Emperor Theodosius I decided that athletics were un-Christian, and he banned the Olympic Games. Christian sports fans (if such there were) had to wait 1,503 years until King Constantine of Greece, at a grand ceremony on Easter Monday, 1896, rescinded the edict and once again opened the Games.

The atmosphere at those 1896 Olympics was rather more relaxed than at today's. The day before the opening of the Games, Robert Garrett, a Princeton student, who had just thrown an Olympic discus for the first time, asked Baron Pierre de Coubertin, a gentleman sportsman and the animating spirit behind the revival of the Olympic Games, if he wasn't going to make a fool of himself given how little he had trained. To his own astonishment he won a gold medal nonetheless, and a contingent of young Americans, sitting together, disconcerted the Greeks by breaking into loud cheers of: "BAA! BAA! Rah rah rah!" Who was BAA? Why, the Boston Athletic Association.

Coubertin was certain that the modern revival would recreate the spirit of the ancient Olympics. But what was that spirit?

The most celebrated false information about sport, which has caused decades of wrangling and ill will, is that the Olympics in ancient times were an amateur affair, and that, in the words of Avery Brundage, longtime president of the International Olympic Committee, "The amateur code, coming to us from antiquity, embraces the highest moral laws. No philosophy, no religion, preaches loftier sentiments."

This was utter myth: athletes in the ancient Olympics were professionals who competed for prize money, often becoming wealthy. The very concept of amateurism did not exist in classical Greek culture. But the myth survived until an American classics professor, David Young, set about unearthing the contemporary Greek literature. In 1984 he published a scholarly book, *The Olympic Myth of Greek Amateur Athletics*. That did it. Two years later the word "amateur" was deleted from the Olympic Charter, which now prescribes merely that "each nation may select its finest athletes."

Be that as it may, Coubertin was devoted to the notion of gentlemanly athletics on the alleged Greek model. He was convinced that the vigor, wealth, and power of Great Britain were due primarily to the education given, and moral values inculcated, in its great public schools. Coubertin saw in the ideas of manly sport and fair play a moral example for all mankind, no less.

Coubertin first fell under the spell of English sport at the age of 12 when he read a French translation of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, by Thomas Hughes. The celebrated figure of Dr. Thomas Arnold, headmaster of Rugby in Tom Brown's time, was responsible for compulsory organized games in English public schools (it was also he who introduced science and mathematics into what had been a purely classical curriculum). The notion that sport builds character by teaching the schoolboy to be magnanimous in victory and uncomplaining in defeat, thoroughly familiar to us, was startlingly new to the English of Dr. Arnold's day, who had considered games as a kind of brutal roughhouse not suitable for young gentlemen. Arnold had an absolutely huge influence on English (and American) education—and also on the modern history of sport.

Almost all the track and field events in the modern Olympic Games and indeed most other games were invented (or codified) by post-Arnold English university students. They invented the running broad jump, the triple jump, the hurdles, and steeplechase races. They established the oval track and standard track distances. Englishmen set the distances for swimming races, rowing competitions, and horse races of all kinds. They built the first sporting yachts, racing sculls, and rowboats for trained crews. They also devised the first football goal posts, boxing gloves, stopwatches, and most other sporting equipment, for which they set the standard dimensions, weights, and materials.

Tom Brown's Schooldays was written to be read by very young boys and would be thought laughable today by virtue of its smug simplicity, but we should make no mistake. It is a very moral book, embodying not only a model of sportsmanlike behavior but also general rules of gentlemanly conduct. Although "Victorian" has a vaguely pejorative sense today, we must realize what a strong civilizing effect Victorianism had in its day. And much of what we mean by "Victorian" derived from books like *Tom Brown*—which in turn was the single most important influence on Coubertin. So much so that the modern "Olympic ideal" owes far more to English notions of sportsmanlike behavior and fair play than to anything that came out of ancient Greece—whose Games, although heroic, often weren't fair in the least.

The most celebrated false information about sport is that the Olympics in ancient times were an amateur affair

Coubertin had a lifelong devotion to the unification of mind and body in a spirit which he called "Olympianism" and which he felt would bring about world peace. This didn't happen. However, sporting contests based on Dr. Arnold's system gradually supplanted more military-style confrontations like dueling and fencing. It was in England—where gentlemen strode about the streets with a sword at their side

Mr. Grenier is a syndicated columnist with the Washington Times.

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until the middle of the eighteenth century—that such activities first fell out of fashion. The sword was replaced by the peaceful walking stick.

GIVEN his devotion to Olympianism and the brotherhood of man, it is hard to imagine what Baron de Coubertin would think of the Olympic Games today. On the one hand, the Games, seen on television by well over a billion people, have drawn in much of the world. On the other hand, they have become swollen beyond belief, their moral dimension almost gone.

Politics has become a key element in the modern Olympics, beginning with the Berlin Olympics of 1936, with Adolf Hitler and the Nazis and the extraordinary documentary film made by Leni Riefenstahl. It has been entirely forgotten, naturally, that the whole pageantry of the passing of the "Olympic torch" was a contribution of Nazi Germany.

In recent years the Olympic Games have been the occasion of numerous diplomatic imbroglios about who was or was not to be included (Taiwan, East Germany, Rhodesia, South Africa). The most dramatic diplomatic incident was Jimmy Carter's decision to boycott the Moscow Games of 1980, for which the USSR retaliated by boycotting the Los Angeles Games of 1984. But the most gruesome episode was the massacre of Israeli athletes by Arab terrorists in 1972 in Munich.

And yet politics never entirely subverted Baron de Coubertin's ideal. Not even Hitler could do that. Where politics failed, however, commercialism has succeeded.

The American TV networks first became impressed with the public response to the Squaw Valley Winter Olympics in 1960, and later that year the Rome Summer Olympics were telecast throughout the industrialized world. This was a turning point. Public interest in the Games could now be given a monetary value in terms of advertising rates, and sports stars, properly compensated, could become highly visible international sales representatives for the sporting-goods industry. The Olympic Games thus became closely intertwined with a powerful international bloc of finance, travel, retail, and media interests whose potential profits were tightly tied to the increasing size and visibility of the Games. The 1964 Winter Games in Innsbruck, Austria, cost a modest $100 million. The 1972 Winter Games in Sapporo, Japan, cost nearly seven times that much. In Montreal, four years later the bill came to $1.5 billion, and estimates for the 1980 Games in Moscow ran as high as $9 billion.

The Los Angeles Olympics gave us not only an official Olympic soft drink (Coca-Cola), but also an official Olympic fast-food company (McDonald's), an official Olympic convenience store (Southland/Seven-Eleven), and an official Olympic snack food (Snickers/Mars). Admittedly Snickers bars and Big Macs do not have a great deal to do with high-performance sport, but even to look for such a connection is nowadays considered naïve. It's as well that Baron de Coubertin did not see this ad in a special pre-Olympic edition of *Life* magazine:

> To the names of Jim Thorpe, Bob Mathias, and Rafer Johnson, add the name of Plymouth Voyager. Some athletes run fast. Some run far. Some throw a heavy object over a great distance. A rare few have the surpassing versatility to succeed at several disciplines. Plymouth Voyager has that versatility.

The Olympic Charter stipulates clearly that "the Olympic Games are not for profit," but in recent years the Games have become a positive bonanza for athletes and business interests alike. Top track and field athletes, skiers, and gymnasts have been earning as much as $500,000 a year. The American Carl Lewis had a chance in the Los Angeles Games to break the world long-jump record, but he was persuaded instead to save his strength and try to win as many events as he could. His eventual *four* gold medals led to untold millions in supplementary endorsements.

With literally 50 per cent of the population of the globe now watching the Olympic Games on television, it gives a sad, bittersweet feeling to think back on Jim Thorpe, an American Indian, an Olympic legend, and probably one of the greatest athletes of all time. Sweden was host of the Games his year, in 1912, and King Gustav V of Sweden told Thorpe enthusiastically that he was the most wonderful athlete in the world. To which Thorpe replied, "Thanks, King." In January of the following year, all Thorpe's medals were stripped from him and his name struck from the record books because it was discovered that he had previously played baseball for $25 a week. □

FILM

Small-Town Sagas

JOHN SIMON

JOHN Sayles is one of our most interesting independent filmmakers, also one of the most productive and the most uneven. Ever since his debut with *The Return of the Secaucus Seven* (1980), he has made his own films, written screenplays for others, worked in television and music videos, and published novels and short stories. The two films he wrote, directed, and edited just before his current one are typical of his range both in theme and in quality: the very adult *Passion Fish* of 1992, and the very infantile *The Secret of Roan Inish* of 1994.

Now we get ***Lone Star***, his most enterprising effort yet. Though only a partial success, it is a commendably ambitious—perhaps overambitious—undertaking that makes Texas emblematic of America's melting-pot essence, and examines the problems and possibilities of this multicultural identity. As a result, the 138-minute film takes on the characteristics of the epic: a rousing story with an overplot and related subplots that sweeps ahead carrying characters the way a flood carries debris, and is thus forced to give each shorter shrift than he deserves.

This problem is intensified by the action's taking place also in the past, indeed in the different pasts of several characters. One is torn between admiring Sayles's agility in juggling so many stories in two separate time frames, and

Mr. Simon is NR*'s film critic.*

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frustration at not getting enough about any one individual, and too much about all of them cumulatively.

The small pseudonymous town of Frontera (note the symbolism!) on the Rio Grande is on the border between Texas and Mexico. Its current sheriff is Sam Deeds (remember Mr. Deeds?), the son of, as the synopsis puts it, "the late legendary lawman" Buddy Deeds, a good man but poor father, who drove Sam away from home. Next, we get the story of Pilar Cruz, a spunky young schoolteacher who was Sam's adolescent sweetheart until Buddy nipped the budding affair in the bud.

Pilar's widowed mother, Mercedes, is an affluent, assimilated restaurateur, embittered about a violent death in the family's past, uneasy about her roots and her daughter's stressing the role of Hispanic Americans in her history classes. Mercedes now vehemently opposes helping other Mexicans filter into Frontera. So: a mother–daughter conflict to match the father–son one.

Another notable Fronteran is Otis Payne, a black who runs the Big O Café, the only place in town where blacks can have a good old time. Known as the Mayor of Darktown, Otis was a bold maverick in his youth, sticking up perilously for his civic rights. But, like Buddy Deeds, he did less well by his son, Delmore, whom he hasn't seen since Delmore was eight. Delmore joined the Army, became a superachieving colonel, and has just taken on the command of the soon-to-be-closed Army post at Frontera, largely, we suppose, to show his father. Ironically, he doesn't know how lovingly Otis has followed his career; even more ironically, he is repeating his father's mistakes with his own son, now a student in Pilar's high-school history class.

But Anglos, Hispanics, and blacks (whom, by the way, Sayles had to import into this Texas locale) do not yet a tapestry make. Accordingly, there is an episode involving a philosophical Indian roadside souvenir vendor, and a wrenching incident involving Mexican wetbacks. To show that Colonel Payne is a humane martinet, an episode has him temper severity with clemency in dealing with an errant woman soldier in his outfit. Still other episodes expose us to Sam's disturbed ex-wife (there must be marital trouble even in a good man's background), and to Otis's current, lovingly savvy woman (there must be redemption even for a formerly peccant father). This is fearful symmetry fearlessly accosted.

The main plot strand starts with the discovery of a skeleton wearing a rusty sheriff's badge in an abandoned rifle range. (You'd think the killer would have removed the badge, but then we'd have no movie.) It is the remains of Sheriff Charley Wade, a sadistic racist who killed or exploited members of minorities. Of his two deputies, Hollis Pogue feared and obeyed him; Buddy Deeds defied him, and probably shot him. As Sam begins to investigate the case, Hollis, now mayor of Frontera, is about to name the new courthouse after Buddy Deeds.

But Anglos, Hispanics, and blacks (whom Sayles had to import into this Texas locale) do not yet a tapestry make

As this rather too neatly tangled web unravels, Sam and Pilar, hopeful symbols of intercultural understanding, fall in love all over again. But the big problems with *Lone Star* are that it bites off more than it can chew, and that its meliorist intentions seem a tad contrived, with too many schematic parallels proclaiming universal brotherhood for all but such varmints as Charley Wade. His all-black portrayal clashes excessively with the fastidiously meted out shades of grey for all others, except perhaps the hero and heroine, who may be a shade too white.

Tidily geometrical as the film is, it does not want for strong scenes, pungent dialogue, and the ability to sustain interest not only through well-managed suspense, but also through lively character sketches. But sketches, alas, is just what they are, material for a voluminous novel somewhat effortfully corralled into a mere movie, lengthy though it be. Moreover, Chris Cooper, who plays Sam, has a sagging hangdog look, as good as "Kick me!" writ large across the brow. Yet he clearly appeals to Sayles, who has used him twice before. But Chris is a far cry from his homonym, Gary, who, besides his virile handsomeness, had that sincere, halting delivery that made visible the progression from thought to utterance, and who could convey nuances of feeling well beyond Chris's all-purpose earnestness.

The others are all good. As Pilar, Elizabeth Peña, without being pretty, offers a natural, animatedly attractive presence, and there are especially fine contributions from Clifton James (Hollis), Joe Morton (Delmore), Ron Canada (Otis), Miriam Colón (Mercedes), Frances McDormand (Sam's ex), and several others. In the thankless role of Wade, Kris Kristofferson, aided by his beetling brow and recessed eyes, is most persuasive, and Stewart Dryburgh, cinematographer of *The Piano*, aptly catches the sun-burnt colors of Texas.

■ Much less can be said for another smalltown saga with serious aspirations, ***Phenomenon***, which mingles telekinesis with a supposedly faithful portrayal of life in a Northern California town, complete with a doomed romance that makes for a classic weepie. But a feel-good weepie, whose two-hankie finale uplifts you with the knowledge that the love affair's surviving partner will remain fortified by its afterglow forever.

You may wonder why such a pristine "women's picture" needs telekinesis, which should never have been carried forward from *Carrie*. Because it is a screen for smuggling in an attempt to make intellect palatable to the American public. George Malley is a nice, smiling auto mechanic in the harmonious town of Harmon until, amid mysterious circumstances, he is visited with genius. This has the crowd-pleasing aspects of enabling him to make objects move without touching them, and knowing where to find a missing boy.

But Gerald DiPego, the scenarist, wants to sell America on eggheads. So George also acquires the less crowd-pleasing talents of reading four books a day and learning fluent Portuguese in twenty minutes. This is Hollywood's and Hicksville's idea of intellectualism, and much harder to promote than Gumpian retardedness. Hence George must pay dearly for his brilliance, which proves nothing more than the atypical side effect of an incurable brain tumor. Genius can be respected as long as one can feel better off without it. This offensive concoction is well acted by John Travolta, Kyra Sedgwick, Robert Duvall, and a few others, but it would take a greater thaumaturgist than George Malley to make me stomach it. □

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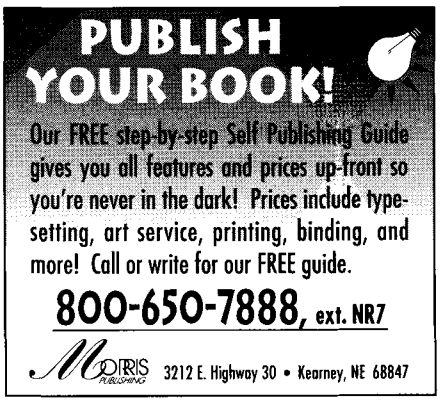
Literary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FORTE

(Continued from page 42)

—In the political and moral battle over homosexuality, gay partisans, who tend to be well educated, well financed, and concentrated in particular areas, achieved political victory in certain political districts. Their opponents took the battle to a higher level of democratic decision-making and won. This has happened countless times before and is normal in a hierarchical democratic regime.

What the Court has really done, Justice Scalia declares, is to take sides in the culture war and write its preferences into the Constitution. The principles of the majority opinion are not in the Constitution, but only reflect the "views and values of the lawyer class from which the Court's members are drawn." He cites the rules of the American Association of Law Schools that prohibit potential employers access to campus if their firms do not disavow discrimination based on sexual orientation.

There is an irony in Scalia's analysis. The Supreme Court struck down the attempt of Colorado to remove the issue of the legitimacy of homosexual conduct from the local political process and lodge it in the state constitution. But in doing so, the Supreme Court itself went far to remove the issue from most of the political process altogether.

Justice Scalia's accusations against the Court were even more biting in the VMI case. In the Court's decision that voided the Virginia Military Institute's exclusion of female cadets, Scalia stood completely alone (Justice Thomas did not participate in the case).

For him, the question of whether there was any real benefit to single-sex public education should be left to the political process. True, he admits, previous generations were biased against women's education. Nevertheless, democracy "enables the people, over time, to be persuaded that what they took for granted is not so, and to change their laws accordingly." At least our biased ancestors "left us free to change," he said. But if the "smug assurances" of any age—of this age, of this elite—are written into the Constitution, the democratic process is necessarily destroyed.

Justice Scalia has moved beyond a critique of the reasoning process of the opinions of the Court. It is clear that he believes that political and social objectives are corrupting the constitutional enterprise itself. His rhetoric has never been as alarmist.

What good does Antonin Scalia's jeremiad do? It has attracted few admirers on the Court. Even Chief Justice Rehnquist veered away from Scalia in a number of cases this term. His effect on lower-court judges is necessarily attenuated, and any effect on law schools will not be seen until far into the future at best.

The prophetic role of Justice Scalia is to speak to the age, as is the role of all prophets. He speaks less to his own—the courts and the legal fraternity—and more to those in other parts of our political system. He casts up a dire warning that not only has the Supreme Court in many ways removed the Constitution from the Framers, it is also removing the democratic process from the people and their representatives. His words are on the edge of the apocalyptic: If the Republic is to stand, the Republic must take heed. □

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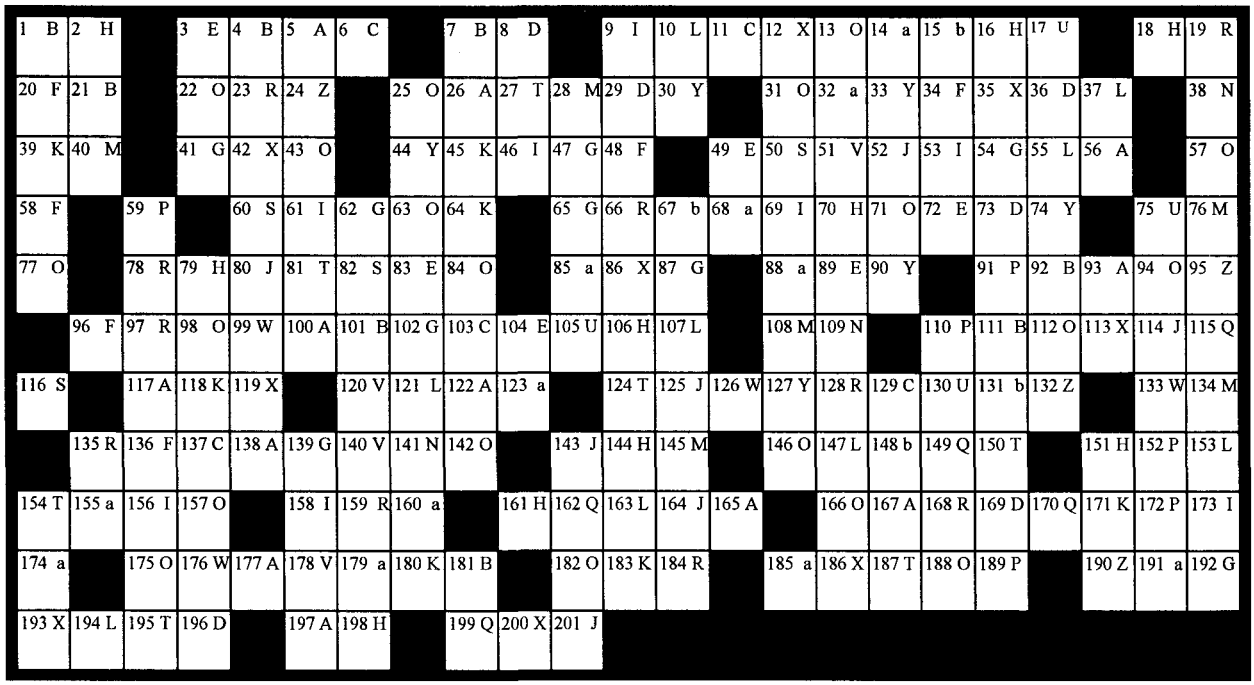
TRANS-O-GRAM / Siegfried R. Reiner



DEFINITIONS

A. Legal writ vouchsafed to Americans in Article I, Section 9 (2 words) — 165 117 197 122 26 5 177 167 100 138 93 / 56

B. Omnipresence — 4 7 1 92 111 101 21 181

C. Don Quixote's was named Rozinate — 129 137 103 11 6

D. Salad ingredient — 29 73 196 169 36 8

E. "Though this be madness, yet there is _____ in 't." — 3 72 104 89 49 83

F. Proffer, furnish — 20 58 48 34 136 96

G. Father of movable type — 65 192 41 139 54 102 47 87 62

H. Remarkable — 70 151 2 16 161 106 79 18 144 198

I. Contrivance — 173 69 156 46 158 53 9 61

J. Howe's successor in command of George III's American forces — 164 52 114 125 143 80 201

K. Dinner plate to an aardvark — 183 118 180 45 171 39 64

L. Retort — 147 37 153 10 163 107 194 55 121

M. Like Reagan's celebrated coating — 28 145 134 40 108 76

N. Astern — 38 109 141

O. Network of gulags, to Solzhenitsyn (3 words) — 157 13 182 94 146 43 77 31 98 166 57 / 188 63 25 112 142 175 22 84 71

P. Servile, downcast — 59 152 110 91 172 189

Q. Game, set, _____ — 199 149 170 115 162

R. System of thought — 78 19 97 168 66 184 159 135 23 128

S. Place, stead — 60 82 116 50

T. The world little noted, nor long remembered, *his* Gettysburg address — 195 81 154 187 124 27 150

U. Assistant — 75 105 17 130

V. Schism — 140 178 120 51

W. Japanese PM hanged by Allies — 99 133 126 176

X. Where a lamb is safe (3 words) — 186 193 113 42 200 12 86 35 119

Y. Like U.S. aid to the Contras — 44 127 33 90 30 74

Z. Sen. Biden's side of the aisle — 95 24 190 132

a. In bloom — 123 185 85 174 191 160 68 14 155 179 32 / 88

b. Scandinavian first name — 15 67 148 131

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and the title (or topic) of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definition on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to last issue's Trans-O-Gram. EMERSON: *The American Scholar*: "The world is his, who can see through its pretension. What deafness, what stone-blind custom, what overgrown error you behold, is there only by sufferance, by your sufferance. See it to be a lie, and you have already dealt it its mortal blow."

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ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Who Loses If Clinton Wins

NEW YORK, JUNE 25

Everybody is trying to figure it out. Approximately 57 per cent of the voters believe a) that Mr. Clinton and Mrs. Clinton have been hiding things, b) that their most intimate associates from days gone by either commit suicide, resign, get convicted, or are indicted, c) that back when Bill was governor, he did shady things with campaign contributions, d) that Hillary knew about all this and personally profited from legerdemain on the futures market, e) that the White House knew that confidential FBI reports were being brought in for unlicensed purposes, and f) that Mr. Clinton almost certainly has oversexed neurons, and underdisciplined self-control. Approximately 57 per cent then say that they will vote for him for re-election.

The pundits pore over these questions and seek refuge in the complicated character of the stories being examined. Vince Foster's papers . . . the billing records . . . the S&L in Little Rock . . . the conviction of the former associates . . . the trial of the next echelon of associates. Too complicated, it is said, and too boring. In fact I agree. I am bored by it.

If every one of the enumerated charges here listed were established (about some there is no doubt: Foster did commit suicide; Jim and Susan McDougal were convicted), I for one would not deprive Mr. Clinton of my vote if I approved his policies and the means by which he pursues them. Those who believe that past American Presidents or candidates were comparatively blameless bring to mind the statement of the professor from MIT, one of the commission dispatched in 1966 to survey whether the elections held in Vietnam complied with the law. Well, said the professor on returning to Cambridge, in answer to the question put to him by a reporter, "I would say yes, the elections over there were fair, just as fair as in Massachusetts."

True, Senator Dole hasn't comparable problems with his own past. If Solomon had the only vote, he would find for the challenger, not the incumbent.

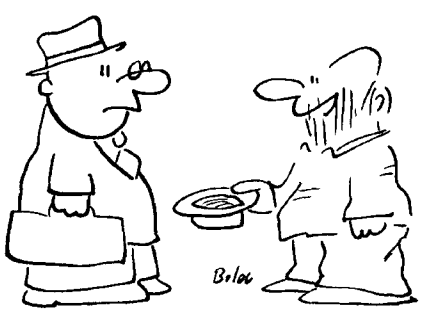
What does hurt is the Elmer Gantry factor. Lyndon Johnson didn't really have Clinton's problem in part because everyone simply took it for granted that Landslide Lyndon was a political swinger. That's the way it works in Texas, most of the voters said to themselves. Everyone who cared to know such things knew that LBJ had made millions by exploiting his position to get from the Federal Communications Commission a television monopoly in Austin, Texas. How many people cared to punish him? Not many.

But Johnson was not a sanctimonious kind. He would burp into the microphone and exhibit his gallbladder scar and affix the presidential seal on his cowboy boots. Clinton attempts an entirely different vision of himself. He is the fresh idealist, the young scholar who turned to politics because of his attachment to such activity as a means of doing good for his fellow man. It is for this reason that the accumulation of character traffic-accidents catches attention. What then begins to make the blood run hot is his characterizations of others.

On Sunday, at peace with *60 Minutes*, which told us that the last Mexican president's brother had a character problem inasmuch as he stole $300 million, viewers were treated to a television ad sponsored by the committee to re-elect Mr. Clinton. The message disclosed that it was Mr. Clinton singlehandedly who was protecting Medicare, sponsoring scholarships and tax deductions for college education, maintaining the school lunch program—frustrating Republican designs on the aged, the sick, the hungry, and the afflicted.

Sure, if a stickler had been around to make a few distinctions, the ad would have collapsed from the weight of its horse manure. (The Republican alternative to the Administration's Medicare program was to trim the projected growth by 4 per cent.) Mr. Clinton's programmers do not mention that at the rate at which entitlements are increasing, everybody will be broke some time soon after the turn of the century. Nor would they bring up such a datum alongside Mr. Clinton's ringing declaration in his State of the Union address that the age of big government is over.

What an American President says is most definitely a clue to his character; it is set against what that President does, and what he countenances. A close study of Mr. Clinton in office needs none of the material rushing in from Arkansas, congressional investigations, the FBI, the Justice Department, or Eleanor Roosevelt. His own record should dislodge the 57 per cent. If it does not, this voter would hazard the guess that the re-election of Mr. Clinton would not be a catastrophic setback for the United States, but it would gravely damage the pretensions of enlightened democracy. □



"Thank you for the job offer, sir, but I feel that I should stick with what I'm good at."

Who Saw The Bad Stuff?

NEW YORK, JUNE 28

One of the dumbest questions recently heard was put by a defensive White Houseman to a congressional witness concerning the security-file scandal. The file of the witness was one of the seven hundred summoned by Mr. Craig Livingstone. The White House official's strategy was to convince the congressional investigators a) that the request for the security files had been a thoughtless blunder; b) that nobody above the level of Livingstone knew anything about the transaction; and c) that no use whatever had been made of the files.

To drive this last point home, he kept repeating his question to the witness: "Are you aware of any hostile use against you based on material in your security file?" The witness was so shaken by the stentorian manner of the White House defender that he finally mumbled, No. I.e., he was not aware that any material in his file that was damaging to him had been revealed.

It is a dumb question because it is in the nature of security files that, as often as not, you don't know what is swimming around in that fetid collection of data, and aren't in a position to conclude whether anything there has or has not affected someone's judgment of you. There are professional readers of security files. They are pretty good at flushing the chaff out of their reading, and coming to wholesome conclusions. But it is precisely because something that one is prepared to ignore as inconsequential may in fact not be inconsequential, that the stuff gets collected in the first place. And in the White House situation everyone is concerned about, it would not be professional evaluators that were looking through those files. It would be

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Livingstone types. Imagine someone with the morals of Livingstone and the mind of Alan Dershowitz. And then imagine that that person intends to derail your career (after all, you are a federal worker hired by a Republican Administration). And remember, somebody thought to order those files over, and his motive was probably not to discover that you were made an Eagle Scout on May 22 so the White House could prepare a cake on the anniversary.

A couple of years ago the author Natalie Robins wrote to request my permission to look at my FBI file, which she could pull out, with my okay, under the Freedom of Information Act.

Sure, go ahead, I said.

Her objective was to explore the nature of the FBI's curiosity, under Mr. Hoover, about writers, Mr. Hoover's general position being that writers should be seen but not read. . . . I discovered, when her book was assembled (*Alien Ink: The FBI's War Against Freedom of Expression*), that Mr. Hoover had gotten very mad at me because of a spoof published by NATIONAL REVIEW. It was a fake newspaper containing news that would bring great joy to the liberal world. The accumulation, which included military defeat in South Vietnam (this was in 1969), the apostasy of the Pope, the indictment of six Republican congressmen as drug traffickers, included also the arrest of J. Edgar Hoover in a YMCA washroom for propositioning another user. J. Edgar Hoover did not think this at all funny and ordered me placed in Coventry.

Now the fun of it all (in my case) is that I didn't know until Natalie Robins had explored the subject that I was in the official bad books of the FBI. Nothing ever happened to me; I never walked over any territory in which Mr. Hoover might have slipped on a banana peel.

But my ignorance of any effect of Mr. Hoover's anathema does not confirm that there was no such point of contact. And the files Natalie Robins obtained were subject to security abbreviations—stretches of stuff in my file were blacked out with ink; made indecipherable. What might have been there?

The security files summoned by Mr. Livingstone were not the kind you can put in for under your Freedom of Information franchise. Not only were the files taken by the White House complete, they were, obviously, files requested not by the persons they concerned, but by others.

Although we have all been reminded how comprehensive these dossiers are, it requires closing the eyes and imagining unimaginable things to come up with the kind of material that makes its way into the files. And the only plausible reason for summoning those files, predominantly on Republicans, can have been to look around for adverse tidbits. The question to ask now is: In whose memories are these now lodged? □

Self-Corrections Welcome

NEW YORK, JULY 2

Last week, the *New York Times* celebrated its one-hundredth anniversary under its current regime. To get it said, yet again: It is the greatest news institution in the history of the world, in the absence of which many of us would stumble about as if without arms or legs.

A truly fine aspect of the *Times* is its ever so careful writing into the record of corrections of its own bad moments. These, unhappily, are very bad moments. In the Thirties, Walter Duranty told the world that there was nothing whatever to worry about, never mind those reports about the starvation of the Kulaks by Josef Stalin. Abundant coverage, in later years, was given to those and other crimes of Stalin.

Two weeks ago, appropriately on its one-hundredth birthday, the *Times* gave us two self-corrections, in the Book Review and in the articles section. In the Book Review a remarkable review by Terry Teachout of Joan Mellen's biography, *Hellman and Hammett: The Legendary Passion of Lillian Hellman and Dashiell Hammett*. Mr. Teachout is devastating in his exploration of Miss Hellman's lifelong infatuation with Soviet Communism.

Lillian Hellman's review of her own political career had been published in 1976, called *Scoundrel Time*. It was hailed on the front page of the *Times* Book Review as a work comparable to those of Thoreau and Emerson. Similar notice of it was taken in the *Washington Post*, and the *Chicago Tribune*. Only Hilton Kramer, then an art critic at the *Times*, demurred. Miss Hellman had presented herself as the soul of courage and resolution, the Joan of Arc of the McCarthy era. What she was was a lovesick child of Josef Stalin and an unpleasant human being.

The next week, in its Sunday magazine, the *Times* published photographs taken during the reign of Mao in China (by Li Zhen Sheng). They are mostly pictures of people being shot and tortured. The text is by Edward Gargan, Hong Kong bureau chief of the *Times*, who records that "more than 50 million people starved to death in the vast famine [Mao] visited on his country in 1960 and 1961," and that was five years before the Cultural Revolution—"ten years of madness, forced labor, exile, countless suicides, and millions of killings."

We know all that, don't we? "Throughout," the *Times*'s Mr. Gargan goes on, "Mao was labeled a 'genius' for the cataclysm wrought in his name. And wave after wave of credulous American Sinologists and journalists wrote infatuated accounts of the Cultural Revolution, celebrating their perception of China's transformation."

Who was the most celebrated figure in the *New York Times*'s journalistic hierarchy? Before, during, and after the Cultural Revolution? James Reston, of course. In 1971, writing from Tokyo after a visit to China (where his appendix was removed), Reston wrote, "I'm a Scotch Calvinist. I believe in redemption of the human spirit and the improvement of man. Maybe it's because I believe that or I want to believe it that I was struck by the tremendous effort to bring out what is best in man, what makes them good, what makes them cooperate with one another and be considerate and not beastly to one another. They are trying that."

Reston's eulogy disintegrated in the memory after such as Max Frankel and Abe Rosenthal descended on China. But it was the capstone of the pro-Mao sentiment in the *Times*, even as Herbert Matthews's tribute in 1961 was the high-water mark of the *Times*'s enthusiasm for Fidel Castro.

The *Times*'s historical corrections are done without acts of contrition. Rather like the thief who sends the money back in an anonymous package. Institutions have a difficult time apologizing for themselves. Vatican II was exceptional in this respect, when the Pope apologized for past acts of hostility to the Jews.

But it is different where individuals, not institutions, are the critical players. It is a pity that, before he died, Reston did not take any of a thousand opportunities to remark his own delusions. Garry Wills is very much alive and very quick to notice other people's moral/political indiscretions, in fact, sometimes quicker than the indiscretions. In his 34-page introduction he treated Lillian Hellman's book like a modern *Areopagitica*. Garry Wills's reading of history, as of 1977: "A newly aggressive Truman had launched the Cold War in the spring of 1947, with his plan to 'rescue' Greece and Turkey . . . We had still a world to save, with just those plans—from NATO to the Korean War." At the time, I observed, in NATIONAL REVIEW, that Wills's introduction to Hellman might have been written in the Lenin Institute. Perhaps on his one-hundredth birthday, Garry Wills will show the courage of the *New York Times*. □

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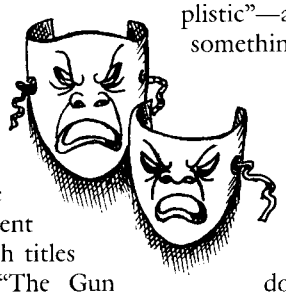
THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

FLORENCE KING

THE best story about what can happen when a politician tries to flatter the masses comes from England, but fittingly enough the politician was American-born Lady Nancy Astor. Standing for Parliament during a period of personal unhappiness, she visited a women's prison and told the detainees: "You're luckier than I am; you're wanted and I'm not."

The season of "the real people" is upon us, and if the rest of Campaign '96 is anything like the shirt contest we've already seen, Oliver Stone will be forced to quit the movie business and find other work. Not that Campaign '96 won't inspire movies; merely that it won't inspire the wordy, three-hour character studies that Stone likes to make. Conservative politicians are courting the Common Man with such unshaded artlessness that we will have to regress to the silent era and make two-reelers with titles like "The Pickup Truck," "The Gun Show," and "The Tractor Pull," starring Buster Keaton as a beset Republican candidate desperately trying to cultivate a populist image.



Title card: "I love the smell of grease!"

Close-up: chain breaks.

Music: "Ride of the Valkyries."

Something like this almost happened to George Bush in '88 when he lost control of the 18-wheeler he was trying to drive, and again to the GOP senatorial candidates in last month's Virginia primary. John Warner tried to operate a textile loom, only to have the gears seize up. His opponent, Jim Miller, was admiring a pickup truck and chortling, "My Daddy had one just like this!" when the thing took off under him. The gentleman had started his engine without realizing that Miller was patting his mudguards.

The possibility that someone will get killed on the hustings grows daily, as does my hunch that the candidate who has to be removed from a threshing machine with a spoon will be a Republican, because Democrats don't have to run this man-of-the-people obstacle course to deflect charges of being "for the rich."

GOP strategists don't seem to realize that trying to out-lout the proles contradicts what everyone knows about human nature. I should say "used to know" because this kind of knowledge is rooted in home truths, maxims, and adages, which are reactionary by definition and hence suspect in our hyper-democratic age. These pithy guides to living have been dismissed as "simplistic"—a condition of pre-bigotry something like HIV—while the person rash enough to claim that "everyone knows" anything at all is now accused of trafficking in "easy answers."

People who reject the accumulated wisdom of the ages have no way of knowing when they're going about something all wrong. Take, for example, those shining stars of ass-backwardism, the feminists. Blow hot and cold? Keep a man guessing? Play hard-to-get? Certainly not, they huff; such ploys "reinforce stereotypes" and imperil "equal partnerships." Maybe so, but everyone knows they work.

The worst casualty of the New Ignorance is the psychology of class.

Title card: "John Warner spends his time in fancy restaurants having lunch with Barbara Walters instead of cleaning his hunting rifle."

Close-up: eye squints into end of barrel.

Music: "The Vacant Chair."

Jim Miller actually said this during the Virginia primary, which may be why John Warner tried to operate the textile loom. Eager to play the class card, Miller forgot the joker in the populist deck. Psychologists call it "identification with the aggressor" while Nancy Mitford expressed it with, "The masses love a lord," but they mean the same thing: the great unwashed side with the washed.

Bubba doesn't want to have lunch in a fancy restaurant himself because he would feel out of place, but he thinks it's great that John Warner can: "God bless the squire and his relations and keep us in our proper stations."

Earlier generations of politicians could brag about their non-existent log cabins without damaging themselves, but the faux populists of Campaign '96 are stirring the acrid juices of contempt. The difference is television, which takes us close enough to see their pleading eyes. Miller's, like Lamar Alexander's, were positively plangent, while Dole's roll around like marbles whenever he feels unsure of himself.

They're starting to look horribly familiar to me, and I know why: they remind me of "poor Lloyd."

Every woman has had a poor Lloyd in her life. He's the adoring suitor she despised, the one who adored her so much that she turned into Mildred in *Of Human Bondage*. Everything poor Lloyd did got on her nerves, but the more she screamed at him the more he proposed, the more she slapped him the more he apologized, the more she insulted him the more he loved her.

EVERY human interaction contains an unconscious erotic element. Regardless of the age and sex of the parties, despite the unerotic nature of their business, when one party has something the other party wants, a symbolic battle of the sexes is on. If Republicans want to win the blue-collar vote they should stop wooing it so slavishly. They should stay out of pickup trucks, avoid heavy machinery, ignore country music, stop making placating references to their father's overalls, stop talking about "the real people," stop saying "That's what America's all about" every time they see a lunch box, dare to keep all their clothes on, and campaign with the self-assured dignity and air of command that Bubba secretly admires. It might even help close the gender gap; after all, as everyone knows, "Faint heart never won fair lady."

As for my vote, it goes to Laurence Olivier for his remark about serving in World War II: "When I joined the Air Arm I thought, 'How marvelous, now I shall know real people, instead of this froth that I've been living amongst all my life.' My God, give me the froth every time." □

Miss King is the author of The Florence King Reader *and other books.*

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